

Sports Illustrated

September 2, 1968 40 cents



THE OLYMPICS

U.S. SKIERS KIDD AND HELGA





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Ford sells more wagons, offers more models, more sizes, than any other wagon maker. That's why Ford is the Wagonmaster! This year there are 7 full-sized Ford wagons, 3 intermediates (the new Torino Squire and 2 Fairlanes), and 2 beautiful Falcon compacts. Whatever you're looking for in a wagon, your Ford Dealer's got it. See him today.

FORD COUNTRY SQUIRE (foreground). The only wagon to offer a solid die-cast grille with disappearing headlamps as standard equipment. Also standard top-of-the-line LTD interior trim, 302-cu.in. V-8, and Magic Doorgate with power-operated window. Ford's exclusive dual-facing rear seats are available for additional seating. No competitive wagon can match Ford's Country Squire. All 7 Ford wagons are big enough to carry a flat stack of 4 x 8 plywood sheets with the Doorgate closed.

TORINO SQUIRE (left center). Breaks new ground for intermediate-size wagons. More luxury: all-vinyl interiors, walnut-like applique on dashboard and steering wheel. More standard equipment: like the Magic Doorgate. More room: cargo space supports loads over 9 sqs. long with Doorgate down. More option choices, including SelectShift, the automatic with 3 forward speeds that also works as a manual.

FALCON FUTURA WAGON (right center). It's one of two new Falcon wagons with prices that fit almost any budget. Economical 200-cu.in. Six, wide array of options. For example, Falcon is the only compact wagon that offers the Magic Doorgate. With its second seat down, Falcon has a generous 85.2-cu.ft. of loadspace... more than its only competitor.

(Up top in the picture? That's Ford's 4-wheel drive Bronco. Toughest, most powerful 4-wheeler going!)



HERE'S A BETTER IDEA Ford's famous Magic Doorgate. It swings out for people, flaps down for cargo. Invented by Ford, the Magic Doorgate is standard on all Fords, Torino and Fairlanes, optional on Falcons for less than \$50.





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quality-tested products
made of the world's best...
pure virgin wool.



Hart
Schaffner
& Marx

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GETTING CLOSER. Jerry Querry and Thad Spencer battle for the right to meet Jimmy Ellis in the WBA's version of the heavyweight finals. Mark Kram reports from Oakland

BOBBY HULL: How does he compare with hockey immortals Gordie Howe and Maurice Richard? Pete Axthelm inspects the styles and personalities of three modern superstars.

A TENNIS INNOVATION will take place in Kansas City when Owen Dixon's pros open their tour with such attractions as colored shirts and pretty ball girls. Frank Deford reports.

Recent tests challenge "empty stomach" theory

Milers perform better after high protein liquid meal

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Niacin	27% MDR	27% MDR
Vitamin B ₆	23% MDR	36% MDR
Vitamin B ₁₂	11 mcg	48% MDR
Vitamin B ₉	217 mcg	**
Vitamin C	53% MDR	100% MDR
Vitamin E	9% MDR	15% MDR
Iron	25% MDR	25% MDR
Copper	11 mcg	**
Calcium	15% MDR	55% MDR
Phosphorus	18% MDR	48% MDR

^{***}The Missouri Study Representative's contribution to the Missouri Study is acknowledged by the National Science Foundation, Grant # 101-45168, and the Missouri State Department of Education, Grant # 101-45168.

morning—even pressure of studying, school exams. All real stress situations. You'll feel at your peak after a glass of Carnation Instant Breakfast. Because it is a liquid meal, carbohydrates are immediately converted into energy. And the slow-burning protein keeps the energy fires stoked and working for you—all morning long. Get the "energy edge" you need to break a few records of your own. Carnation Instant Breakfast. In lots of winning flavors.



Research documents Carnation Instant Breakfast "energy edge"

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LIFE also declined to pussyfoot when marijuana smoking became a white-collar phenomenon. There was even a LIFE photographer at hand in one case, when

a twelve-year-old and his classmates threw a good, old-fashioned pot party.

Now if these subjects disturb you, we're not surprised. But we can't promise you all peaches and cream and happy endings. Life just doesn't work out that way—and neither does LIFE.

The way LIFE does work is to hold up a mirror to the world; what it's up to now, and what might be happening in the not-to-distant future. And for every shock-and-sock article like those above, there's a bright side to LIFE as well. LIFE will whisk you to far-away places

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Before another wonderfully disturbing issue goes by.

LIFE





Tape



Live

At Grenoble each skier will race alone against the clock. On ABC you can see them matched against each other.

Suppose a slalom racer has finished his run. When a competitor starts down, ABC Sports is prepared to show them both on the split-screen—one taped and one live—so you can watch them race head-to-head to the finish line!

This is only one of the innovations which will make ABC Sports' coverage of the 1968 Winter Olympics even more exciting and enjoyable. Slow-motion, stop-action color replays will be used frequently throughout the games. Aerial shots from a helicopter will add a new perspective to some events.

Altogether, ABC Sports will provide almost twenty-seven

hours of programs, many in prime time, and all via Early Bird satellites. All events will be seen in color; some as they happen, but all on the same day they take place.

Jim McKay, Chris Schenkel, Curt Gowdy, Bill Flemming, a team of expert guest commentators, plus ABC's imaginative coverage will bring viewers closer to the action than ever before. Close enough to sense each athlete's personal drama—the thrill of victory, or the agony of defeat. And isn't this what the Olympics are all about?

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SCORECARD

RESOLUTION

Last week at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, Negro scholarship athletes released a series of demands that brings into the open a wide area of discontent probably applying to the framework of sport at many American universities.

Called a "Resolution of Black Athletes," the statement called for the firing of three coaches for incompetence and inability to relate to black athletes, the firing of a business manager accused of assigning black athletes inferior summer jobs, and the elimination of "quotas" on scholarships to black athletes. It said that black athletes had been subjected to derogatory comments because of their appearance, had been accused of goldbricking when too injured to compete, had been left to fend for themselves to find housing and had received poor academic counseling because it was assumed they lacked intelligence. The resolution demanded the hiring of "coaches of a minority background."

The situation that triggered the resolution was, in essence, friction between the 11 white and five black players on Cal's basketball team and, in particular, the feelings of Bob Presley, the team's Negro center and high scorer. Presley has several times called his coach, Rene Herrerras, incompetent. He was suspended for missing practices and, according to some reports, for refusing to get his hair cut. Presley has said the play of the Negroes on the team was not properly appreciated by the press or by Herrerras. Negro players began to refer to one white player as a honky, and whites, in turn, began to give the Negroes less opportunity to score and play well in games.

Some of these claims are petty, but the resolution raises other issues that are not petty at all. The question of Negro quotas, the charge that Negroes malingering over injuries, and the assertion that they are considered and treated as paid employees at colleges have long

been talked about—but never publicly. At issue, too, is the college-perpetuated myth that such athletes are students first; that their sport is an avocation. Schools such as California are particularly vulnerable in this area, for they must account, with a straight face, for their admission of athletes, Negro and white alike, whose only qualifications for college entrance are their athletic skills.

Bob Presley, for example, was expelled from or dropped out of three different Detroit high schools, and was then imported with other Negro athletes to a Salinas, Calif. school for one semester where his marks were mostly "below average." He attended two junior colleges and another high school before showing up at Cal. This is the same kind of disadvantaged background shared by many athletes on college teams.

The Negro threat to boycott the athletic program at Berkeley is a move for recognition that has the inherent weakness of allowing the college to say, "Go ahead," since cutting a basketball game is not the same as cutting classes. But the points raised by the Negroes have considerable validity—even if the proposed boycott does not. The situation at the University of California presumably will simmer down, but the discontent manifested by the "Resolution of Black Athletes" is of immediate concern to all colleges.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

Two Sundays ago a New Zealand country lawyer on his first attempt at big-game fishing lost a swordfish after fighting it for 32 hours. The fish towed Donal Heatley and a 12-ton, 40-foot charter boat one whole day and well into the next night on a zig-zag 70-mile course from the northeastern up of Mayor Island to the Alderman Islands, where the 120-pound test line finally broke. Experienced fishermen on the boat estimated the swordfish weighed somewhere between 1,000 and 1,500 pounds (the world record is 1,182).

Heatley wore through two pairs of gloves during the battle, and his friends had to stuff crumpled magazines between his back and the fighting-chair harness when it began to cut into him. They fed him ham sandwiches, tomatoes and cans of beer.

On four occasions, he brought the fish within 20 yards, but each time it dived beneath the boat and Heatley had to let it go again. "When the line broke," he said, "I was almost relieved. I don't think I could have kept going any longer. I am happy to have fought the feller. He gave me the sorest backside in New Zealand and hooked me on fishing. I'll be back."

HIGHER EDUCATION

The curriculum at Lewis and Clark College soon may include a course unique in the world. A move is afoot to make Nima Tenzing, a Sherpa guide on the successful 1963 Mt. Everest expedition, instructor in mountaineering.

A few years ago Tenzing and Luther Jerstad, who was then a student at the



University of Washington, made several climbs in the Himalayas. Now Jerstad is on the faculty of Lewis and Clark, teaching theater history and Asian theater, writing books on Asian culture and generally progressing well.

Tenzing has followed a rougher path. Sherpa climbers, using money made on Himalayan expeditions, for a few years reopened ancient routes to Tibet, transporting Nepalese goods to trade for Tibetan products. Then the Chinese

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

invaded Tibet, and the passes were subsequently closed. And since 1964 all foreign climbing expeditions in the Himalayas have been cut off. Tenzing took a job as a house boy in Paris and finally saved enough to come to America for a visit with his old climbing partner, Jerstad.

Jerstad thought up the idea of courses in advanced mountaineering to be given by Tenzing, who is fluent in 11 languages, in Oregon's Cascade Mountains. He arranged appointments for Tenzing with members of the Lewis and Clark faculty, and it is quite possible that a Sherpa school of climbing will start next season in the Cascades.

JOY RIDE

Most basketball teams play better at home, but the University of Akron Zips are an exception. The team has won eight of nine games on the road but only two of six at home. Last week Coach Tony Laterza tried a new ploy. Before a home game with Mount Union College, he took his players for a bus ride to Medina, Ohio for their pregame meal. They returned to Akron in time for the game and piled out of the bus in front of Memorial Hall just like a visiting team. The Zips won the game 68-39 and, for their good behavior, they will get another bus trip.

TV RATINGS

Washington and Illinois have scheduled a dual gymnastic meet for February 11, though neither team plans to attend. Four judges will watch video-tape replays of earlier performances by the two teams and will make their decisions on that basis.

Dr. Eric Hughes, who coaches Washington, explains that collegiate gymnasts seldom compete in meets with schools outside their own conference because of small traveling budgets. He believes, however, that video tapes will make national and even international competition possible. He hopes to arrange matches this year for the Huskies with the University of Cologne and Nihon University in Tokyo.

Although camera angles and the quality of the picture could influence the officials' point scoring, two recent experiments with the Washington squad show that video-tape judging is feasible. In one match judges viewing the live event gave the Washington team 179.3 points.

Four different officials watching the video-tape replay gave the Huskies an identical total-point score. In a second, similar experiment there was only a .3 point difference between the two groups of judges.

The thing we wonder about now is how does a team learn that it has lost. Does a judge pick up the phone and say to the coach: "Hello, Harry, how are you? How's everything with the wife and kids? . . ."

ON SAY CAN YOU HEART?

It was the first boxing match of the year at the University of Nevada, and the gymnasium was filled with 3,000 spectators. Thorne Tibbitts, the ring announcer, introduced the contestants and said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem." Silence. No band. No recording. No national anthem.

Jake Lawlor, Nevada's athletic director, volunteered to sing the national anthem. But he got stage fright. Tibbitts then proposed that the crowd recite the pledge of allegiance. They did—and then the fight began.

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMAS

Women residents of Dearborn, Mich., a tight little enclave of segregation on Detroit's northwest border, are flocking to weekly classes on how to handle a hand gun. The response has been so overwhelming that Mayor Orville Hubbard says, "It's like Annie Oakley was just elected President." Part of the reason for the interest in firearms is Mayor Hubbard himself. During the Detroit riots last summer Hubbard urged his residents to "take up arms" and "shoot straight and deadly." The riots never got past the Dearborn border but, at Hubbard's suggestion, the city recreation department started a course in how to shoot and handle a gun—for women only. The National Rifle Association ("Guns don't kill people. . . . People kill people") volunteered an instructor, and the first night 150 determined women showed up. The classes have become so full that there is now a 140-woman waiting list, and the Dearborn recreation director is thinking about scheduling extra sessions.

DEFENSE IS NO. 1

Paul R. Keller of Delaware, Ohio is the originator of a statistical measure for basketball that he calls the Offense Ef-

continued

We've just received our 4th Car of the Year award. But with a car like this, what did you expect?

Below, the 1968 GTO, better known as The Great One. It's this year's recipient of Motor Trend magazine's Car of the Year award. Which means that Pontiac now has the distinction of being the only car manufacturer in the world to have won this award four separate times.

The award was given for the engineering of the whole car. The most significant feature of which is a revolutionary bumper that's so fantastic you have to kick it to believe it. This amazing super-snout is not only the same lustrous

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But don't get the impression that The Great One is all show. With a 400-cubic-inch, 4-barrel V-8 or our Ram Air engine with deep-breathing scoops, the GTO is Wide-Tracking at its ultimate. With all this going for The Great One, did you really have any doubts about which car is this year's Car of the Year?

Of course not. Maybe that's because everything our engineers touch turns to great.

You can find over 4000 "mass-produced" cars "built" at Pontiac's assembly plants in Detroit, Torrance, Warren and Tarrytown.

Pontiac Motor Division



GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wide-Track **1968** Pontiacs



When they asked,
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stacked up a success story
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And it's a success story that's still building.

Since Reynolds introduced the 12-ounce all-aluminum can in 1964, billions of cans have come off the line. And billions more are needed.

To help meet the demand, Reynolds increased production in 1967 to over a billion cans a year. And it still isn't enough. New production lines are being added. New plants are being built. Still more are in the planning stage; all part of the financial investment Reynolds is making to support committed sales. *By 1969, Reynolds will more than double the present rate of can shipments per year.*

Is the all-aluminum can really that good? In a word, yes! Aluminum cans protect freshness and flavor. They provide longer shelf-life; they're quick-chilling; and the unique streamlined seamless construction not only gives complete wrap-around brand name identification—but facilitates high speed filling, packaging and handling.

At present, 10 different brands of beer are using Reynolds all-aluminum cans. Published statistics confirm what we expected: an expanded market and an increasing share for Reynolds aluminum beer can customers.

And the all-aluminum can is changing the soft drink market. The major soft drink companies have introduced the all-aluminum can in the nation's two largest markets. Aluminum cans have not only resulted in increased sales, but in demonstrated consumer preference. Four soft drink brands are now in all-aluminum cans, with whole flavor lines soon to follow.

All-aluminum cans, labels, Clear-Six® film six packs, 12 or 24 can Shrinkase® film shippers, or 6, 8 or 12 can Cold Packs. New ideas backed by marketing know-how—and most important, a willingness to make things work and get things done. Why not find out what the men at Reynolds can do for you. Write: Reynolds Metals Company, Richmond, Va., 23216.



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PACKAGING

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February 6-18 on ABC-TV



Event: Ski Jumping



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Chap Stick® protects lips against chapping...helps heal them fast.

iciency Rating (OER). To help analyze their play, 769 high schools and colleges employ the Keller system, for his figures are both more logical and valuable than the rudimentary conventional offensive and defensive indices.

Last year Keller's figures showed conclusively that UCLA won the national championship primarily on account of its defense. This year his analysis indicates that Houston—a team whose defensive prowess often has been maligned—beat UCLA in the Astrodome at the Bruins' own best game, defense. In fact, both teams had such bad Offense Efficiency Ratings that Keller assumes that the unusual Astrodome setting played a responsible role. Still, the Houston defense rating was outstanding.

The figures also show that the UCLA press has lost none of its power. Houston's OER was not only significantly lower when the Bruin press was on, but UCLA was much more potent offensively following the press. The Bruins scored 1.22 points every time they took the ball off the press, but only 0.76 points each time they got the ball in more normal fashion. If these two top teams survive to play a rematch in the NCAA championships in March, Houston can be forewarned to expect a full-time full-court game.

THEY SAID IT

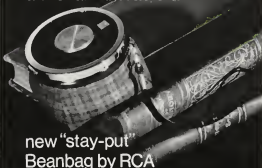
- Joe Medwick, former St. Louis Cardinal star, on being named to the baseball Hall of Fame after many disappointments: "I felt like I was in a 20-year slump."
- John Pont, who coached Indiana to its first Big Ten title in 22 years: "I was walking out of our field house a couple of weeks ago after our basketball team lost by nose to Northwestern, and I heard a man in front of me grumbling to his wife, 'Well, what in hell can you expect from a football school!'"
- Ken Holtzman, Chicago Cub pitcher, explaining why he hasn't signed his 1968 contract: "We're still about two Cadillacs apart."
- John Galbreath, president of the Pittsburgh Pirates and owner of two Kentucky Derby winners: "There's one nice thing about winning a Kentucky Derby with a horse. You don't have to feed him any more the day after the race than you fed him the day before the race, and you don't have to sign him up for next year."

END

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RCA

The season just ended was pro football's most profitable. But in its very success may lie the seeds of boredom. Here Tex Maule, the game's best-known chronicler, describes the symptoms and suggests cures in an open letter to Commissioner Pete Rozelle

DEAR PETE:



Pete Rozelle



Tex Maule

Professional football, in the wake of its most successful season, is in imminent danger of becoming a big bore. I say this with sorrow and trepidation, since I have spent a good deal of the past 20 years deeply involved, one way or another, with pro football players, coaches, owners, fans and even commissioners. The time has come, my friend, to make some drastic changes.

The most recent and dramatic evidence of how uninteresting the game can become was provided, of course, by the Super Bowl. Ideally, the Super Bowl should match the two best teams in pro football; there should be considerable doubt about which team will win. In the Super Bowl this year it matched the best with maybe the fifth best, and almost no one doubted Green Bay's ability to dominate the Oakland Raiders. A simple change in the way the teams are selected could prevent another crashing anticlimax. Next season, instead of matching NFL conference champions in the league championship game (Green Bay vs. Dallas this season), mix it up. Let the two champions of the NFL play the two conference champions of the AFL before the winners meet in the Super Bowl. Had you done that this season, the semifinal games would have pitted Green Bay against Houston, and Dallas against Oak-

land. Granted, the Super Bowl match-up then would most likely have been Green Bay versus Dallas, but what is wrong with that? The Packers and the Cowboys, in the last two seasons, have provided far more exciting league championship games than the Packers and the champion of the AFL in the Super Bowl.

You could then have substituted a game between Oakland and Houston for that noncontest between Los Angeles and Cleveland in the Playoff Bowl. At least the playoff would have had the titillation of deciding the AFL championship. In the Los Angeles-Cleveland game, nothing was at stake, and most people were bored by it. In any season in which the Super Bowl matched two teams from the NFL or two teams from the AFL, the Playoff Bowl would decide the championship of the losing league and have intrinsic interest.

I know the rebuttal. It would create difficulty with TV sponsors because NBC televises the AFL and CBS has televised the NFL. This answer only points up another of the threats to the continued growth of pro football: the stifling, strangling hold the networks are beginning to take on the sport. There were times during the season just past when a viewer in New York or Los Angeles or Chi-

cago had a pro football smorgasbord of four games laid out for his choice on Sunday. No matter how rabid the fan, that much football of any kind leads to indigestion and ennui. Maybe the networks need the extra games to get their money back, but I hope that professional football does not exist only to enrich CBS and NBC.

CBS has had a juicy bonus added to its contract during the last year—the division playoff games. They were tossed into the overall deal as a pot sweetener at no additional cost to the network. Maybe this was necessary to keep the network brass happy; if so, that should be enough of a lagniappe. Repeated Sunday TV doubleheaders can be too much of a good thing.

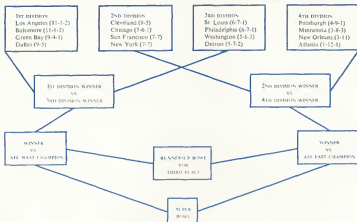
Moving some games to Monday night prime time as a sop to TV is not the answer, either. Again, TV plays the tune and pro football does the dance, however reluctantly. I doubt that if this proposal were put to a vote of the 26 professional football coaches, it would attract a single supporter. No coach, in the middle of a tough season, relishes interrupting the rhythm of normal preparation to play a Monday night game, especially if the game coming up on the following Sunday is an important one. Why handicap one team by lopping a day from its practice time in order to kowtow to TV? Irritating enough are the TV

interruptions during the game itself. After that frozen afternoon in Green Bay, Packer Tackle Henry Jordan said that the only time he felt the cold while he was on the playing field was during the TV time-outs. It seems to me that there are enough normal interruptions in the course of a game to allow TV to cram in all of its commercials. If not, try to persuade the producers to use their instant replay techniques on the extra commercials and run them, for instance, during the half-time show. They might be a welcome relief from marching bands.

Now let's contemplate the concept of four divisions in the NFL. Basically it is a good one. Two eight-team conferences are unwieldy and the disparity between top and bottom teams late in the season tends to create disinterest among followers of the losers. If you live in Pittsburgh and the Steelers are hopelessly out of the chase by the middle of November, you are likely to stay at home and watch whatever game is being shown on television. If you are an Atlanta player and your season ends by about the fifth game, after you have lost four in a row, it is too much to ask that you go all out through the remainder of a meaningless season playing as if you cared. It is nice to say that all performers play their hearts out in every game for pure love of the sport, but this simply is not *continued*

HOW 1966 NFL WOULD LOOK

As envisioned by Editor Maule, teams of equal strength would play each other with winners progressing through playoffs to Super Bowl



true. Players relax once a game or season is irretrievably won or lost. After the Packers had wrapped up their division this year, they lost to the Rams and, of all people, the Pittsburgh Steelers.

There is a fairly simple way to avoid the disasters that occurred in the Central and the Capitol divisions. In those divisions, Green Bay and Dallas cantered home with their titles. No serious animated play in the closing weeks. As a contrast, two superior football teams went down to the final game in the Coastal Division before it was decided. Then the Los Angeles Rams and the Baltimore Colts, clubs that in past years would have been certain of winning division championships with their 11-1-2 records, had to play each other for the division title.

The Packers (9-4-1) beat the Dallas Cowboys (9-5) for the championship of the National Football League. I happen to believe that by the end of the season Green Bay indeed was the best team in professional football and that the Dallas Cowboys were probably the second best. But neither team had to prove that in 14 games against the cream of the NFL. The Packers were in a division with Chicago, Detroit and Minnesota and were never pressed. The Cowboys played against Philadelphia, Washington and New Orleans and beat their second-class opposition so easily that, even playing indifferently, they won.

I know. On Any Given Sunday, any team in the NFL can beat any other team. The problem for the New Orleans Saints, the Atlanta Falcons, the Pittsburgh Steelers and a few other teams is that there is a paucity of Given Sundays. The truth is that weak teams, on a normal Sunday, tend to get waxed by the very good teams. Supposedly, on a Given Sunday, Oakland might have beaten Green Bay, but January 14 was not a Given Sunday.

In separating the 16 National Football League teams into four divisions, you paid little attention to geography. If you had, you would not have created a Coastal Division that stretched from San Francisco in the northwest to noncoastal Atlanta in the southeast. With more logic, the divisions could be based upon equality of competition. Surely this would make more sense than whatever rationalization was behind the formulation of the Central, Century, Capitol and Coastal divisions.

They group according to ability in England, you know. Or maybe you don't know. There are four divisions in English soccer, based upon the quality of the teams. The best teams are in the first division, the second best in the second, and so on. Parenthetically, I might recommend First, Second, Third and Fourth as names for your divisions. At least they have some meaning.

Anyway, the last-place team in the first division of English soccer drops down to the second division and the first-place team in the second division moves up to the first. Theoretically, then, an exceptionally successful team can move, in a four-year period, from the fourth to the first division in English soccer.

It is this possibility of dramatic upward—or downward—mobility that keeps alive the interest of all British soccer fans. There is genuine excitement during the closing games of a season when the bottom team of one division is fighting to get out of the cellar in order to keep from

dropping down a notch, or when the top team in a lower division is battling to hold its spot and graduate from the ranks of the boys to competition with the men.

Were you to use the British method in 1968, the First Division of the NFL would be made up of Green Bay, Baltimore, Los Angeles and Dallas. (For a breakdown of all four divisions, see the chart on page 17.) Green Bay and Dallas won conference championships, and Baltimore and Los Angeles had the best won-lost records in the NFL. They would play each other twice during the regular season, and none of these games, obviously, would be mismatches. They would play the teams in the Second and Third divisions once each, so that all the teams in the First Division would have 1) the same schedule and 2) the most difficult schedule in the NFL.

The division playoffs, ideally, would match the winners of the First and Third divisions, and the Second and Fourth. You would have the big plus of the possibility of a Fourth Division or Third Division team winning the big game and then meeting the Western or Eastern AFL champion for the right to play in the Super Bowl. All the world—as was amply proved in Miami in the Super Bowl—loves an underdog and the underdog would be clear cut and spelled out in these playoffs.

The owners, of course, may complain about this kind of arrangement, since most owners' concept of an ideal season is one in which their team plays the Sisters of the Poor 14 times. A few weeks ago when I suggested the idea of realignment to the Cowboys' Tex Schramm, his first reaction was favorable. "That's a great idea," he said, smiling happily. When I pointed out that his division would include Green Bay, Baltimore and Los Angeles he said, "It will never work."

FOUR FIRST-ROUND TRADE PRIZES



Al Grabowski was drafted by Green Bay with first-round pick — from Detroit for Ron Kramer.



Donny Anderson came to Green Bay in 1968 deal that sent Jim Ringo and Earl Grea to Eagles.

The English system tends to equalize the competition, and that is an end devoutly to be desired. Until recently, in fact, one of the big pluses pro football always enjoyed over baseball was its draft system, distributing, as it did, the best players equally among the teams. Unfortunately, over the last few years, the draft system has operated only to make the rich richer and the poor destitute. This week, for instance, the strong NFL teams went into the draft system with a multiplicity of high draft choices when high draft choices are more valuable than ever. Green Bay had two of the top 50 choices, both in the first round, Los Angeles two, Dallas two. These three teams, on the basis of the players already on hand, should be among the best even without the new men they will get. They received their choice selections from the struggling clubs at the bottom that earlier were forced to exchange them for average or slightly better than average veterans who could help them at once. New Orleans, for instance, sacrificed a first draft choice for Gary Cuozzo. Cuozzo did not prove out during 1967. He may yet, but who knows what star of the future the Saints will have forgone for him?

Implicit in excellence in pro football is a strong bench and a deep taxi squad, and most of the best teams have these. This means that they have, immediately available, tested players who are no gamble for losing clubs that are trying to become winners. These tested players may not be quite good enough to make the Packers, Rams, Cowboys, Colts or the Raiders, but they are more than good enough to play regularly for an anemic team. So the temptation is well nigh irresistible for the have-nots to give up a high draft choice for a player who has already proved at least that if he is marginal he is not a bad risk.

The catch is that you do not win championships with

The rich got richer when Green Bay and Baltimore were able to trade tested or aging players to weaker teams for first-round draft rights



Bob Hyland was chosen by Packers with Steeler right traded for Tony Jeter, Lloyd Wood.



Bubba Smith went to Colts in first round after exchange that gave Gary Cuozzo to Saints.

marginal football players. You win championships with first draft choices. Someone once asked Paul Brown how you build a championship team. "You finish last for 10 years, and then you get a Vince Lombardi to put all those first draft choices together," Brown said, and he was right.

Buddy Parker, when he coached at Pittsburgh, proved the fallacy of trading high draft choices for old, good players. He decimated the Steelers over a period of years, and the old, good players never won a title.

It should be made illegal for any Second Division team ever to trade a first draft choice to a First Division club. Indeed, it should be illegal for any team to trade a first draft choice.

Now let us consider another built-in advantage the haves enjoy over the have-nots. Obviously, when the Green Bay Packers come down to the end of the training season, the residue of players beyond the 40 they can retain for the league season is of higher quality than the residue left to, say, the Atlanta Falcons. As the league rule now stands, the Packers can make trades up until midnight of the fifth Sunday of the regular season. During the first three weeks the cuts they make are available first to the team that finished last and drafted first. The theory is that the worst team should get first shot at the best available players. For the next two weeks the team currently in last place gets first choice of cut players.

But, with the late trading deadline, Green Bay, assumed that a man is not going to make its squad, can trade him off to any bottom club for high draft choices. A player who has stayed with the Packers that long has proved that he has certain ability. Since the lowest clubs get first pick in the draft, they are trading not just high draft choices but the best available to teams that need them least—Green Bay, Dallas, Los Angeles, Baltimore or Oakland.

The trading deadline, then, should be set when training camp begins, not when it ends. If, two days before the regular season starts, the Packers find themselves with five or six players who cannot quite make the team but who can make the Saints or the Falcons handy, Green Bay should be forced to put the players on waivers rather than to assure its own future by using them to extract draft choices from the weak. The enactment of such a rule would guarantee, as the NFL had originally intended, the equalization of talent throughout the league. Eventually, no club would walk away with a division or conference championship or, for that matter, a Super Bowl title.

Maybe, Pete, TV would not like this, because TV is built on heroes. *Variety* had a survey not long ago showing that top-rated shows in prime time were old movies, an entertainment built on heroes. That, incidentally, is why CBS would like to move pro football into Monday night prime time—to compete with NBC's movies.

Well, pro football is not successful because it is a competitor for old movies. It is successful in its own right as a vital, competitive game. When the competition flags, it is dead. You meet with the owners later this month, Pete. See if you can get them to act for the interest of the game and the fan and not for CBS and NBC.

Sincerely,
TEX MAULE

TRACK HAS A HIGH OLD WEEKEND

The action indoors was spread over five meets in three days and from one coast to the other. Some mighty strange things happened, but not to handsome Bob Seagren, who broke his own world record **by PETE AXTHELM**

Bob Seagren stood on the pole-vault runway, flashing his handsome smile at the cameras and saying nice things to the people who congratulated him. He had just set a world indoor record of 17'4½", and his voice could hardly be heard over the cheers of the 14,068 spectators in Madison Square Garden. "These people seem so near to you here," he said, "but I like it. In fact, I'd rather vault indoors than out. I think the noise, the tension and the whole atmosphere make indoor track more fun."

Last weekend 44,546 people in five cities enjoyed the unique atmosphere of indoor track. Seagren's performance at New York's Millrose Games highlighted the season's busiest track period, but the track enthusiasts in Oakland, Boston, Portland and Albuquerque also got plenty of action. There were few important records set, but competition was good and, as usual, indoor track was a colorful, bizarre spectacle.

In Boston, a relay start was delayed while carpenters were summoned to repair a cracked plank on the rickety old board track. In New York, Dave Patrick lost a bitterly fought mile to Preston Davis, went to the dressing room and changed into street clothes—and then was barred by special cops from returning to the crowded floor to watch the rest of the meet. In Albuquerque, the 60-yard hurdles were held up until late in the evening because the star, Earl McCulloch, was delayed on his flight from Oakland. The Pearl, undefeated this season, rushed in just in time—and then caught a spike on a hurdle and wound up flat on his face. In Oakland, Tom Lars was beaten up by four kids while training outdoors for the three-mile race, and in the race itself Van Nelson was hit and knocked offside by a falling vaulting pole. Nelson dropped from first place back to fifth but recovered to salvage second, and went home with one of the most unusual alibis in the history of losers.

Among the few normal occurrences of the strange weekend was the double victory of Seagren in New York on Thursday and in Boston on Saturday. Thursday in the Millrose Games he made his 11th 17-foot indoor vault, giving him an 11-0 edge over the rest of the world. Saturday night in Portland the gap was narrowed when Altti Alarotu, a Brigham Young University freshman from Finland, became the second man to clear 17 feet indoors. But, in Boston, Seagren casually brought his own total to a dozen.

Seagren operates with almost mechanical precision. He shocked a few people by carelessly missing his first try at 16 feet in the Millrose Games, but then quietly and undramatically took care of things. He made 16' and 16'8" with plenty to spare, while the last of his rivals were being eliminated. The bar was raised to 17' and the crowd tensed. New Yorkers had never seen a 17-foot vault, and Seagren had obligingly promised them one. He did all the mysterious measuring and studying that pole vaulters do, and then walked back to the end of the runway. Hardly pausing for effect, he took off, his face twisted into a grimace, and shot upward. He made it with almost disdainful ease.

With the bar raised to an indoor-world-record 17'4½" he missed twice, but on his third and last try he cleared the bar and dropped on his back into the pit with his arms raised in triumph. "Damn, another world record!" yelled Vern Wolfe, Seagren's coach at Southern California. "Hey, Bob, what are you going to do for an encore?"

"The rafters, coach, the rafters."

Seagren ordered the bar raised to 17'8", a quarter of an inch above the pending outdoor record held by his teammate, Paul Wilson. He also switched poles, a fairly bold experiment to make in the middle of a meet after setting a record. "I just can't get my hands high enough on a 16-foot pole to feel comfortable at

17'8" or higher," he said, reaching into a cardboard cylinder to produce a 17-foot black and white weapon called a Cata-Pole. "It would be incredible if he made 17'8" with that big pole," said veteran vaulter Mel Hein. "Every pole is different. You always need time to get used to one."

Hein was right. Seagren did not come very close at 17'8" and in fact went back to the 16-foot pole for his final try. "I'll put the new pole away until I have a chance to work with it," he said. "As we go higher, we're going to have to use it."

"You mean you expect to go higher soon?" he was asked.

"When you look up at the bar 17'8" doesn't look any different from 17'4". There's no barrier. There's no limit."

Seagren celebrated until 4:30 Friday morning in New York, slept most of Friday and Saturday, and arrived at Boston Garden on Saturday night in a disgruntled mood. "First, I read in one of the papers that I've promised them a 17-footer tonight. I never said that. I don't want everybody to think that I'm a cocky kid who's going to go around to every meet telling people what he can do," Seagren was even more annoyed by the cab drivers of Boston, who persistently refused to take him and his poles to the Garden. "I've fit them in many cars," he said after he finally reached the arena, "but they wouldn't even let me show them how. So I was delayed getting here and naturally I'm in a bad mood. I don't usually perform very well when I feel this way."

He did well enough, clearing 17'¼" on his first try at that height with the same kind of efficiency he had shown in New York. All his opponents failed to clear 16 feet, so once again he ended the evening as an isolated figure. While relay teams scurry about and middle-distance men battle for position with elbows flying, Seagren is off by himself, working at his specialized, technical



Seagren, grinning broadly, accepts congratulations after his record pole vault in New York.

craft. Some track nuts find fascination in the cool, scientific aspect of it all, but many people tend to watch Seagren with distant admiration, then turn eagerly back to some school relays, where kids still compete with other kids.

"That's the wrong attitude," said Steve Schoonover. "Vaulting involves thinking and emotion as much as technical equipment and skill. You can always add four inches just on guts." Schoonover, who goes to Harvard, was unplaced behind Seagren in Boston. His best vault ever is 15' 8", unimpressive by today's standards but nonetheless as high as Cornelius Warmerdam ever went. In June he will graduate, after completing a full pre-med course in three years; in October, when Seagren goes to the Olympics, Schoonover will be at Harvard Medical School. This is too bad in a way, because Schoonover would be nice to have around whenever Seagren vaults. Seagren does it best, but Schoonover probably explains it best. He may be track's greatest contribution to philosophy—and his philosophy is just crazy enough to fit the indoor track scene.

"Seagren will do 18 feet before the end of the summer," he predicted. "And I will do 17—eventually."

"Why?" he was asked. "Because poles are getting better, or training methods have improved?"

"No, it's not that. Let me explain," he said. "You've heard of the Maharshi Mahesh Yogi? You know how he's helped the Beatles and so many others accomplish things? Well, he's got the secret of pole vaulting—transcendental meditation. He convinces people that they can do anything if they really think about it and tell themselves they can. He's had guys pick up scalding hot stoves in India with their bare hands and not feel a thing. If they can do that, we can sure improve by four inches at a time by meditation."

Seagren, no deep thinker, did explain his big weekend in terms of his mental attitude. "Your frame of mind can be the difference between a record and a mediocre night. In the two meets before the Millrose Games I just couldn't get off the ground. I was practicing the same, and doing the same things. But I felt flat. Then the Millrose Games, with the big crowd and the excitement, gave me a big mental lift. That's what indoor track can do for you."

END

THE PIED PIPER FROM PASADENA

Jerry Tarkanian draws so much basketball talent to his California junior college that four straight titles are only part of his achievement. He is the chief reason the JCs are a potent factor in the sport **by JOE JARES**

California's system of higher education is the largest and best in the nation. On top are all nine of those University of California branches, including UC Berkeley, UCLA, UC San Diego and, soon no doubt, UC Twenty-nine Palms and UC Weed. Then come the 18 state colleges—San Jose State, Fresno State and so on. And finally the 85 junior colleges, two-year schools known euphemistically as "community colleges," some with enrollments as high as 14,000. A student can go to a JC for one or two years to make up grade or subject deficiencies and transfer to a four-year school. If he completes the two years he gets an Associate in Arts degree. But, all this superfluous academic stuff aside, the

real patriotic duty of these generally good junior colleges is to act as way stations between high schools and universities for the nation's dumb athletes—especially basketball players.

Well, perhaps not dumb in all cases, but lazy, underprivileged or late-blooming—or all three. Anyway, the JCs of California are doing their duty better and better each year. Shaler Hahmon, from the Detroit area, played at Imperial Valley JC and is now a genuine All-America candidate at Utah State. Carey Bailey left the state of West Virginia to play at Long Beach City College and is now back home, starting for West Virginia University. Newark's George Reynolds played two seasons at

Imperial Valley, then slid right into Houston's starting lineup and helped the Cougars upset UCLA in the Astrodome. Nevada Southern, featuring John Trapp from Pasadena City College and seven other JC alumni, handed Oklahoma City University its first loss this season. The list, from USC's high-scoring Bill Hewitt (Mt. San Antonio JC) to Cal's 6'11" Bob Presley (Mt. San Jacinto JC), goes on and on. "They play outstanding basketball in California," says Houston Coach Guy Lewis. "The JC programs there and in Texas are the best overall in the nation as far as I'm concerned."

In the midst of all this basketball talent swirling in and out of the state, one coach, a stubby Armenian named Jerry Tarkanian, stands out like a traffic cop in a neon uniform. With homegrown products and imports, with white boys and black, he has won four straight state JC championships and is well on his way to another one this year. He will be co-coach of the first JC team in the Olympic trials, at the end of this season. When he was at Riverside City College (east of Los Angeles) his teams won three titles. They would have won four, but in his first year there Riverside lost in the final game of the state tournament by one point. From the players Tarkanian had at Riverside, Bob Rule is now starting for the Seattle SuperSonics and seven-footer Larry Bunce plays for the ABA's Anaheim Amigos. Tarkanian found Fred (Lucky) Smith playing for a Riverside playground team, turned him into an All-Stater and sent him on to Utah State (Smith quit there and is now averaging more than 20 points a game for the University of Hawaii). The sixth man on one of those Riverside teams, Joe Stephens, is now a starting forward at North Texas State.

Last season Tarkanian moved to Pas-



On the bench Tarkanian has no cause to be so concerned as his team easily beats Compton.

adena CC, which had a 6-22 record the year before, and, with the aid of several new jumping-jack sharpshooters, he coached the Lancers to a 35-1 record and his fourth consecutive state title. One of the newcomers was Willie Betts, who flunked out of Bradley after the first semester of his sophomore year and was urged by his coach, Joe Stowell, to make up his grades at Pasadena. Betts had been a starter and a Missouri Valley Conference standout, but he probably was only the third-best man in Pasadena's front line. Now he is back starting at Bradley.

Tarkanian didn't worry too much about losing Betts because 6'8" Sam Robinson is back this year and what baskets Sam can't make and what rebounds he can't take aren't worth making and taking. More than 50 major colleges are after him, and last Friday night in the Lancer gym he showed again why he is so popular Pasadena met Compton JC, and both old rivals had 7-0 records in league play. But it was plain after the first few minutes that Pasadena should be playing in the NCAA's small-college division. Tarkanian's first seven or eight men can stuff the ball (still legal in California JC play), but skinny Robinson didn't need to. He merely took turnaround jump shots from anywhere within 20 or 30 feet of the basket and scored 29 points as the cheering section and band combined to belt out "Soul, Soul, Soul, We Got It" and other JC classics. Compton was stopped rather easily by Tarkanian's specialty, a 1-2-2 zone defense that seems to permit only wild 50-foot casts.

Robinson was by no means the whole team. At least seven of Tarkanian's boys are major-college prospects. Tap Nixon, from Newark Prep in New Jersey, is only 5'11" but he can stand flat-footed under the basket, leap up and stuff. He's a substitute. Henry Saunders, a 6'7" center from right there in Pasadena, was undoubtedly sent from Krypton as a baby. And, says the coach, you should see the team that beat Pasadena early in the season—Hancock JC of Santa Maria, Calif. Why, Hancock has a 6'10" kid from Washington, D.C., and a 6'4" kid from Steubenville, Ohio, and two wizard freshmen from Dayton, Ohio and South Bend, Ind., and...

Nearly all the California JC hotshots today are Negroes, boys from the big-city slums. It is a cinch most of them

would not be in any sort of college if it were not for their desire and ability to play the game. Their routes out of the ghettos are sometimes as circuitous as jungle trails and twice as hidden. Take, for instance, the aforementioned John Trapp, MVP in three tournaments for Pasadena CC last season. Big John played high school ball in Highland Park, Mich. and was graduated in June 1963. He went to Voorhees JC in South Carolina in 1963-64, then returned to Michigan and worked. In September 1965 he turned up at Mt. San Jacinto JC in Hemet, Calif. but stayed less than a month. Part of the Trapp family moved to Riverside in the spring of 1966 and John enrolled at Riverside CC but was not eligible the first season. He was made a manager by Tarkanian and went to the state tournament with the team.

Trapp no doubt would have stayed at Riverside except that Tarkanian moved to Pasadena. So the Trapp family moved again, to Monrovia, a city in Pasadena's district. John played for the Lancers, and his 6'8½" younger brother, George, came out from Detroit to play for Monrovia High and was Player of the Year in the California Interscholastic Federation. This season John is starring at Nevada Southern and little brother George is just behind Robinson in scoring at Pasadena.

The commissioner of Pasadena's league sniffed all along the Trapp trail and found that Tarkanian had used "no undue influence" to recruit him. In fact, when the commissioner's office quizzed John's family, his father said, "I would move to the ends of the earth to have my son play for Mr. Tarkanian."

Of course, California has plenty of its own slums that produce Negro basketball stars. Each JC is restricted to boys living in its district, but it is common for whole families to move, most of the time after surreptitious urging by coaches or boosters.

Sidney Wicks, a powerful 6'9" rebounding machine, went to L.A.'s Hamilton High. After he was graduated, his family moved to the suburb of Santa Monica and he is playing at Santa Monica CC right now. He was not a good student in high school, but the chances are bright he'll make the B average necessary to go on to nearby UCLA as a sophomore instead of as a junior. Tarkanian's own ace, Robinson, was twice All-City Player of the Year at L.A.'s



Pasadena star Robinson gets two of his 29.

Jefferson High, not far from the Watts riot area. His family moved to Pasadena and the commissioner again found "no undue influence."

Tarkanian is a Pied Piper of Negro youngsters not only because he is the best JC coach in California and maybe the country, but also because he and his wife Lois take a genuine interest in the players' welfare. Jerry is a combination confidant and disciplinarian, and Lois, a speech and hearing consultant for a county school district, is a part-time tutor. Working in the den of her home, with four kids of her own running around underfoot, she tutored Bradley flunkout Willie Betts in English and helped Robinson complete a remedial reading course.

"I had a lot of personal problems," says Betts, "and I talked to Mr. Tarkanian about anything that bothered me. You could go to him. He was something like a father. And he knows what's going on on the basketball floor."

It's a combination other coaches are finding mighty hard to beat.



The Xth Winter Olympic Games, opening in Grenoble next week, will find 2,300 athletes from 38 nations scrambling for 35 gold, 35 silver and 35 bronze medals. And while it is the skaters who have the best chance of bringing home the gold, U.S. attention will be focused on the progress of our skiers. In this 27-page pre-Games package, the venues are mapped, the favorites are charted and the Alpine French, the bobbing Austrians, the hockey-playing Russians, the Nordic Norse and the speed-skating Dutch are introduced.



A FIGHT ON THE SLOPES, BUT A CINCH ON THE ICE

BY DAN JENKINS

Americans once thought that a Winter Olympics was something that happened in a Sonja Henie movie, but that was before Squaw Valley and a ski boom that now finds even 5,000 Texans belonging to ski clubs. Pre-ski boom and pre-TV, figure skating and bobsledding were the glamour events of the Games, the first one because of its grace, the other because of its speed. But today the millions of Americans who ski identify with the Alpine racer, and ski racing has become for Americans the No. 1 attraction.

Everybody seems to have heard of our Olympic medal winners Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga (*see cover*), who once again lead the U.S. Alpine squad, and of their predecessors, Gretchen Fraser, Andrea Mead Lawrence, Penny Pitou, Betsy Squire and Jean Saubert. If you count the medals they have won—10 in all—it appears that most of our heroes are heroines. But if you count further all the medals that U.S. teams have won since the first Winter Olympics in Chamonix in 1924, you will discover that while skiing may be the glamour sport as far as Americans are concerned, it is not one in which we have exactly covered ourselves with glory. The U.S. has won a total of 63 golds, silvers and bronzes in the Winter Games: 19 in figure skating, 14 in speed skating (both events will provide our surest medals at Grenoble—*page 28*), 14 in bobsledding, 10 in Alpine skiing, six in hockey and none in the Nordic events.

Win or lose, one of the major forces responsible for the popularization of Alpine ski racing is Bob Beattie, the aggressive coach of our national team,

who has had our efforts under his boot for almost seven years. Beattie has yet to produce a Jean-Claude Killy, but what he has done is get the sport on television and keep it there, build a broad national junior racing program and persuade big business to subsidize it, and help invent the World Cup.

Like most men of action, Beattie lives in a tangle of problems and criticism, both at home and abroad. Unflinchingly, he bores through, twisting rules, defying committees and traditions, seizing every tiny positive result as a sign of hope. Last weekend he was at it again, remaking, 10 days before the Games begin, the squad he thinks will do best at Grenoble.

The men's team was fairly easy to determine. The leaders, of course, are those two old campaigners—old at 24—Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga, silver and bronze medalists in slalom at Innsbruck in 1964. Downhillers Jim Barrows and Dennis McCoy also are set, along with slalom and giant-slalom specialists Rick Chaffee and Spider Sabich, and Jere Ellfjott, who will probably compete in all three events.

Heuga and Kidd are the Americans with the best chance going into the pressure of Grenoble against the likes of France's Killy and Guy Périllat and Austria's Gerhard Nienning and Karl Schranz. They know and understand this pressure and have survived it many times before, being the most decorated skiers in U.S. history.

They are totally different types of racers and personalities. Heuga is outgoing, impulsive, unimpressionable, a neat, friendly, fun-loving young man from Tahoe City, Calif. whose successes come in streaks. His determination is well hidden, but it is there, usually when the odds are most against his winning. In the Innsbruck Olympic slalom, he was back in the second seed on a steep, run-

ty course, but he flashed to third place. A week later in Garmisch, he won the single biggest trophy any American racer ever has won, the Arlberg-Kandahar combined, whipping everyone who had been an Olympic star the week before.

With Kidd injured in 1966 and 1967, Heuga carried the whole weight of the U.S. team. Although a slalom specialist, he had to ski the downhill in the world championships in Chile and the other two events as well. He raced to fourth place in the world combined standings. Last year it was Heuga more than anyone else who pushed France's Killy to his brilliant season.

Heuga has been far from dazzling in January's pre-Grenoble races, mainly because he is a notoriously slow starter. "I'm beginning to get really nervous now, and that's good," he said last week. "When I'm sort of on the ropes, that's when I've been at my best."

While Heuga is a purely instinctive and emotional racer, Billy Kidd is a scientist. The son of a motel owner in Stowe, Vt., Billy studies a slope like Ben Hogan studies a golf course. Slightly intellectual and very introspective, Kidd would be the last man on a dance floor, just as Heuga would be the first—and the best.

Kidd concentrates deeply not only on a race course, but on his technical moves, and he is an intense equipment worrier. He talks incessantly about "free feeling" and "tip pressure" and "adhesion." It is a treat to listen to Kidd talk about how to run a downhill.

"You start training slowly, building up a little more speed on each run," he says. "You build up confidence so that on the next run, you want to go faster and don't have any psychological hang-ups. You build up so that in the non-stop you're running just on the line that you want to run in the race. Then in the race, you run everything just a little

continued

Recovered from old injuries, Billy

Kidd, shown in Kitzbühel slalom, goes to Grenoble hoping for a medal



The Gold Medal Favorites

With its strength in Nordics and skating, tiny Norway should win a lion's share of the gold—nine of 35 medals

DAY	EVENTS (final)	FAVORITE	NATION
1 FEB 6	Opening ceremonies		
2 FEB 7	30-km. cross-country (men)	Kalevi Laurila	Finland
3 FEB 8	Downhill (men) Bobsled (two-man)	Jean-Claude Killy Erwin Theler (driver)	France Austria
4 FEB 9	10-km. cross-country (ladies) 500-m. speed skating (ladies)	Aieltine Kolchyna Diane Holum	U.S.S.R. U.S.A.
5 FEB 10	15-km. cross-country (men) 1,000-m. speed skating (ladies) Downhill (ladies) Figure skating (ladies)	Gud Martinsen Steen Kasper Olga Pall Peggy Fleming	Norway Netherlands Austria U.S.A.
6 FEB 11	Nordic combined 1,000-m. speed skating (ladies) Special 70-m. jump	Franz Kallier Ludmila Titova Bjorn Wirkola	West Germany U.S.S.R. Norway
7 FEB 12	Biathlon individual 3,000-m. speed skating (ladies) Giant slalom (men) Luge single (ladies) Luge single (men)	Jon Istad Ans Schot Jean-Claude Killy Ortrud Enderlein Thomas Kohler	Norway Netherlands France East Germany East Germany
8 FEB 13	5-km. cross-country (ladies) Slalom (ladies)	Rita Asthina Gertraud Gabl	U.S.S.R. Austria
9 FEB 14	4 x 10-km. cross-country relay (men) 500-m. speed skating (men) Figure skating (pairs)	Norway Neil Blatchford Ludmila and Oleg Protopopov	Norway U.S.A. U.S.S.R.
10 FEB 15	Biathlon relay 5,000-m. speed skating (men) Giant slalom (ladies) Bobsled (four-man) Luge two-seater (men)	Norway Fred Anton Meyer Marlene Göttschel Erwin Theler (driver) Thomas Kohler (driver)	Norway France Austria East Germany
11 FEB 16	1,500-m. speed skating (men) 3 x 5-km. cross-country relay (ladies) Figure skating (men)	Kees Verkerk U.S.S.R. Emmerich Ganser	Netherlands U.S.S.R. Austria
12 FEB 17	10,000-m. speed skating (men) 50-km. cross-country (men) Slalom (men) Hockey	Fred Anton Meyer Ole Elfsæver Jean-Claude Killy U.S.S.R.	Norway Norway France
13 FEB 18	Special 90-m. jump Closing ceremonies	Bjorn Wirkola	Norway

faster. You run it so that on the steep parts you feel like you weigh 800 pounds, curled up in a ball, and on the flats you're a feather and everything is just barely under control. You've run your best race when you make it to the bottom and don't want to run down the course again."

Kidd's comeback this season has been one of the big conversational topics on the circuit. After becoming the silver medal winner in 1964 and taking third in the world FIS combined at Innsbruck and after winning three big races in Europe in 1966—he was actually outracing Killy—Billy suffered one of the two major injuries that almost ended his career. The first, an ankle sprain, resulted in a tendon operation. Then later the same year he broke his leg in downhill training just before the 1966 world championships in Portillo, Chile. It was thought that he would be on crutches for two years.

"It never crossed my mind that I wouldn't race again," he says. And he recovered remarkably soon and was back in training only seven months after his break.

This season Kidd, unlike Heuga, has been one of the top threats on the tour, always hanging in there with a finish of from sixth to first in everything from slalom to downhill. Last weekend he had his best win of all, just before Grenoble. He won the second run of a two-day giant slalom at Megève and was second to France's Bernard Orcel in the combined. "When you're hanging in there close, you've got to win sometime," he says.

At Grenoble America's chances to add another medal to its slim collection in men's Alpine events seem to hinge on two things, then: on Jimmy Heuga ripping off a good race from out of nowhere and on Billy Kidd polishing himself to the nth degree.

For Beattie the girls have been another kind of problem. The group that went to Europe in November was rather dismal. In January Beattie brought over three teen-agers, Kiki Cutter, Judy Nagel and Erika Skinger, all cute, tough and relaxed. This immediately pepped up some of the older girls, but depressed others. The new American girls had few if any FIS points and started back in

40th, 50th and sometimes even 90th positions. But against such odds, there they were, finishing in the top 10 and 20. Europe began to notice, and even French Coach Honoré Bonnet got in the habit of not leaving a race scene until Cutter, Nagel and Skinger had skied.

While at first there was some doubt that the older girls accepted the teen-agers as part of the squad, this doubt was removed one day in Grindelwald, Switzerland. Judy Nagel, who is only 16, had started 95th in the slalom and had finished a stunning 18th. Rosie Fortna thereupon bought Judy's starting numbers secretly for five Swiss francs and presented them to her at dinner that evening. "By God," said Beattie, "they all understand that we've got to go into Grenoble with the strongest team the U.S. can have." Before the pre-Olympic races were over, Judy not only had skied her way onto the team but from the last to a probable first slalom seed at Grenoble.

Rosie Fortna and Suzy Chaffee all began to speed up. But none roared down the trails any faster than Kiki Cutter, an 18-year-old from Bend, Ore, who belies her ladylike cuteness with a fighting temperament. From second- and third-seeding groups, Kiki carved out a second place and two sevenths, a 10th and an 11th. Then at Saint-Gervais last weekend she blazed to third place in slalom, the best performance of any American girl so far. She easily made the team, along with Judy Nagel, Wendy Allen, Rosie Fortna, Suzy Chaffee, Karen Budge and Robin Morning. Kiki is the only one who will race in all three events. A favorite with the men because of her aggressive style, she became a television star without knowing it. Frequently able to watch the ladies' races on TV from another village, the U.S. men would explode with approval when they saw Cutter step into the starting gate. And often they heard the tale of Kiki spinning down a practice run behind France's Marielle Goitschel, hollering at her to go faster or move over. They told it again and again with admiration. As the public-address announcers in Europe identified her name and country, "Koooter, Keekee, Ooh, Ess, Ah," somehow she had become the embodiment of American skiing spirit.



Kiki Cutter, new darling of the U.S. ski team, has fought her way into all three events at Chamrousse.



The Other Americans: Keen Blades and Cautious Hopes

Power in figure and speed skating and an approach to respectability elsewhere—those are the American prospects in events other than Alpine skiing. With World Champion Peggy Fleming and the first topflight figure-skating team since the air disaster of 1961 go such bright speed skaters as Illinois' 16-year-old Diane Holum (right). But Americans have always been good skaters. This year even the perennial losers in Nordic skiing and the rest are perking up, and while they won't beat the Russians or the Scandinavians they could bring home a medal or two. "Given a good day on the big hill," says Nordic Coach Al Merrill, "our jumpers could come through. For the first time a U.S. medal is possible."

Favored to be our first feminine speed-skating gold medalist, Diane Holum should take the 500 meters



Supine sliding by Oregon's Mike Hessel, 25, promises some success in luge, an East German specialty



Dark sled, dark horse—but the bob driven by Bill Hickey of Keeseville, N.Y., has the speed to win.



Against Norwegians who shoot straighter and ski faster, biathlon man Bill Spencer can only gain experience.



Nordic events have meant wipe-out for Americans. Now there is a chance for combined skier John Bower (left) and jumpers John Ballanz and Adrian Watt (above).

CONTINUED



The brightest blades from the U.S. since Squaw Valley, our figure-skating team has solid gold in Peggy Fleming (seated). Cynthia Kauffman and brother Ronald (center) are good for a bronze in pairs, while Tim Wood (left) or Gary Visconti (right) could take a silver or bronze.

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Plymouth



Grenoble and Its Vast Olympic Arena

AUTRANS

The Nordic site: cross-country, Nordic combined, 70-meter jump, biathlon



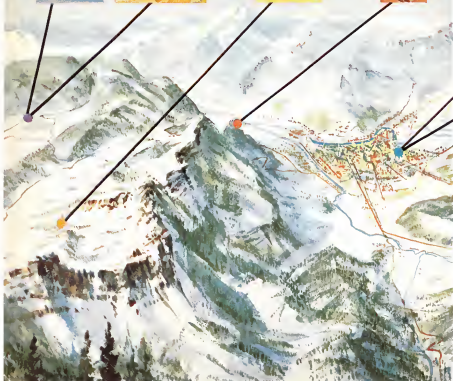
VILLARD-DE-LANS

The luge course



SAINT-IZIER

The 90-meter jump



Spread across three mountain ranges, the Olympic venues stretch from Autrans, high in the Vercors to the west of Grenoble, to Alpe d'Huez, in the Grandes Rousses massif to the east, only 13 air miles apart but 60 by car

GRENOBLE

Opening and closing ceremonies
Ice events: speed skating, figure skating, hockey

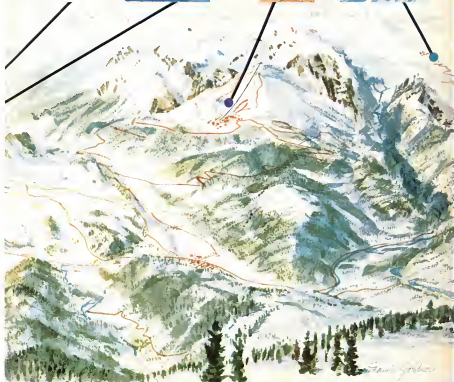


CHAMROUSSE

Alpine events:
downhill, giant
slalom, slalom



ALPE D'HUEZ
The bobsled run







Killy and

Bonnet Girl Power Will Save the Day for France

For the last four years, starting with the Innsbruck Olympics, the French have been the Green Bay Packers of Alpine ski racing, with that supple, handsome devil Jean-Claude Killy playing the glamour role of Bart Starr, and Marielle Goetschel enacting the part of, well, let us say, Ray Nitschke. Hardly a mountain exists where the French have not bombed everyone off the slopes. Now they are set to defend these laurels on their home ground. In spite of a January in which the Austrians and the Swiss have been threatening the French with renewed strength, it is difficult to find anyone on an Alp who does not believe that Killy and his pals will take away more gold from Grenoble than you would find in any neighborhood bank of Zurich.

As is the case with the Packers, Killy and Goetschel, the French superstars, have a pretty nifty supporting cast. Many of the names ring with almost as much frightening authority, in fact. Backing them up are the likes of Guy Périllat, Léo Lacroix, Georges Mauduit, and those girls—Anne Famose, Isabelle Mir and Florence Steurer. These are the characters who took an appalling 16 of 24 medals at the 1966 FIS World Ski Championship in Chile. Then there are four talented newcomers: Bernard Orcel, a strong downhiller, Jean-Pierre Augert, a slalom ace who looks enough like Killy to sign autographs for him—and often does—another slalom skier, Alain Penz, and Roger Rossat-Mignod, a slightly chubby but quick giant-slam specialist. It was skiers like these who a year ago, while racing on France's second string,

defeated Austria's best in a team race of European nations.

Enjoying all of this more than anyone, with the possible exception of De Gaulle, is a happy little man with a Napoleonic haircut, Honoré Bonnet. Bonnet is France's Vince Lombardi, except he doesn't growl. He has quietly built the most powerful ski team in history and claims to have a national program now with 80 or 90 racers who could compete with the best after a well-timed period of brief but hard training. Killy and Goetschel have become world-famous athletes and a source of almost unbearable pride to their countrymen.

If Bonnet has seemed at times to smile all too wryly about his success, it is not only because winning has become a habit but because everybody keeps trying to figure out the secret, and the French claim there really isn't one.

Technique, for example, is a much abused word in ski racing. Every nation and skier is supposed to have a technique, particularly France. Every one has been talking about a new way of turning and of wiggling through gates. Once, when the French were considered graceful, the Swiss strong and the Austrians clever, there perhaps was a difference in styles. But Jean-Claude Killy maintains that he has changed all this and that the overemphasis on technique has gone the way of the baggy pants in big-time racing.

"I have always skied on instinct," says Killy. "If people say I look pretty in a race, then I know I am not winning."

Killy says, "Before I became a champion, a racer would try to outsmart the course. He would check at turns, control his speed, plan an attack. It was thought that style helped increase speed. But with me, it became a matter of just go—go faster than you think you can on every part of the course."

I take all the risks. That is my secret."

Killy does not believe he has a special way of keeping both skis on the snow, which makes for speed, or of driving close to slalom poles or of making valuable time on the dangerous downhill turns. He just goes. One thing he does do, which sets him apart, is shift his weight more quickly, more instinctively, than any of his competitors. On high-speed turns, Killy, earlier than others, will shift his weight to his uphill or inside ski, almost always as the downhill ski is about to wander and slow him down. Instinct again. Then he sits back and thrusts his skis forward, accelerating as he comes out of a turn. This takes superb conditioning and the reflexes and balance of an acrobat.

"If I do that," says Jean-Claude, "I don't realize it." Honoré Bonnet agrees with Killy about technique. "It is passé to dwell on it," he says. "There are many things that come before technique. Foremost, a racer must have intelligence and a good eye. Then he must have courage, confidence and pride. All of this is Killy."

Because he has proved repeatedly that he is the classiest racer in the world in all three events, downhill, giant slalom and slalom (he won 16 out of the 20 races he entered last year), Killy must be considered the favorite in each of the three men's Alpine events at Grenoble. Winning all three would be a trick that has been performed only once before—by Austria's Toni Sailer in 1956. But as good as the Frenchman is, simply because of circumstances, he will need a lot of luck to duplicate Sailer's extraordinary feat.

First of all, there are many more good racers now—three times as many as when Sailer was No. 1.

Second, the Olympic giant slalom requires two runs now.

continued

Florence Steurer gets typical French reward from Lacroix as Killy and Périllat look on



Bonnet, coach of the most powerful ski team in history, says there are no secret techniques.

instead of one. Third, there now are slalom eliminations leading up to the final. Finally, Sailer was not favored to win three golds as Killy is. In fact, the pressure is building so intensely that Jean-Claude wishes that Grenoble would go away.

Realistically, Killy knows that Olympic success is as important to his future as good vineyards are to a vintner's. In case he forgets now and then, there are a lot of other good racers around to remind him, and they have. In all of the January pre-Olympic races, many of which have been part of the World Cup schedule, Killy seemed far from unbeatable. Austria's Gerhard Nienning, for example, won the only two downhill that have been run. Switzerland's Dürrenz Giovanoli won the only two World Cup slaloms, and another Swiss, Edmund Bruggmann, took one of the two World Cup giant slaloms.

At the same time Killy, with the world press wondering if he had peaked too soon—last year—captured the other World Cup giant slalom, placed second in one downhill, second in one giant slalom and third in a slalom. In Kitzbühel he won the Hahnenkamm combined title, and he goes to Grenoble leading the World Cup standings once more. Despite this, he has at times been uncharacteristically irritable, tensed up, sullen and depressed. He has sought every opportunity to scurry out of the spotlight, as if the cloud of Olympic pressure were growing blacker each day. Indeed, how Killy reacts to this hazard in Grenoble will be as interesting as anything that takes place. With or without success, he says he wants to retire and "make money" after Grenoble.

Certainly Killy has far more competition than he had a year ago. Austria's Nienning and Karl Schranz, who Killy says will die on the slopes, and a young slalom ace named Alfred Matt have been right there on the clock.

And there have been hordes of good Swiss—Bruggmann and Giovanoli, Jos Minsch, Willy Favre, Peter Frei, Stefan

Kaelin, and Jean-Daniel Daetwyler. They have taken turns littering the top 10 with four and five racers.

Still, Killy has a way of diminishing his odds. He says he believes that at Grenoble there will not be so many clutch racers. He says that in downhill, for instance, only six or seven other than himself have a real chance. Among them are Nienning and Schranz, of course, America's Billy Kidd, Bruggmann and Germany's Franz Vogler, a big fellow whom Killy would make the favorite if the course suddenly turned soft and slow. In the giant slalom, the Frenchman enlarges the list to 12, and in slalom he expands it even more to 20 racers, throwing in some good Scandinavians like Norway's Haakon Mjølne.

Meanwhile, the fact remains that beyond Killy and the young downhiller, Ornel, France's men have not had a good pre-Olympic season. Guy Périllat has skied beneath his reputation. Lacroix is still only partly recovered from an appendectomy and an injury, and there is a question whether those promising youngsters, Penz, Augert and Rossat-Magnod, have the experience to come through at Grenoble. The French say they do.

The French are also trying hard to keep up their confidence. And it honestly must be said that for four weeks now, for whatever reasons the French may give for not winning everything—pacing, too much snow, etc.—the Austrians and Swiss have looked stronger. Maybe the French are hiding something. Bonnet says they are.

The French girls, however, that old front four of Gotschei, Steurer, Mar and Famose, are hiding nothing. They have been extremely good in the face of stiff competition from a rejuvenated Austrian team, led by Gertrud Gabl and Olga Pall, a bushel of spirited American girls, and a lone little Swiss girl, Fernande Bochatay, who has won a pair of World Cup races.

But a couple of the French girls are nearly always up there in the results, if

not Gotschel and Famose, then Steurer and Mir, two sturdy dolls who resemble French-blue bowling balls bouncing over a knoll. Marielle Gotschel left Saint-Gervais, the last race site before the Olympics, with the World Cup lead, while Steurer was second ahead of Gertrud Gabl and Isabelle Mir. Canada's Nancy Greene, last year's World Cup winner, has been injured but has remained cheerful and confident that she will be fit for Grenoble.

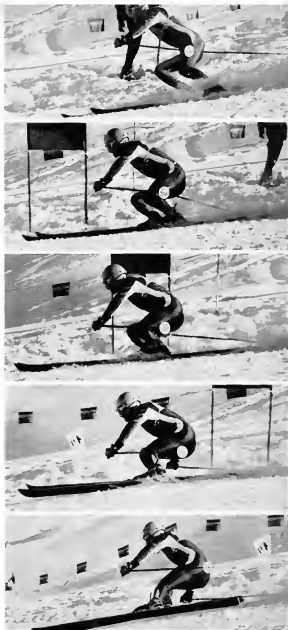
Of all the good ones, the one still the most feared is Marielle Gotschel, who has actually matured into a semiboisterous lady from a sometimes rowdy girl, one that Bonnet delightfully defends by saying, "A champion is often a little girl." And Marielle has lost no confidence. These early races, she has hinted, have been a charade. "I'm stronger and better than ever," says she. "I've never had such energy, and I will be good at Grenoble."

Honoré Bonnet was a fraction less confident as he headed for the Olympic venues, for he realized it would be difficult. "We will have the newspapers, the families and the clubs on our back every minute," he said. "It is up to us. We know we are good. We simply have to attack and trust in our ability. Everything has been done that is possible. With each racer, I won't know what he or she will do until just before the start. Then, I can tell by their eyes if they will be good. If I see that Killy's eyes are cold and flashing just before the start, I will not have to worry. He will do something wonderful."

That's the trouble with the French. They have been wonderful for four years, and now they have to be wonderful all over again for these 12 brutal days in February.

—DAN JENKINS

But no one else does what Killy does in a downhill turn—he sits back and thrusts his skis forward





For the Strong

Austrian Two-man Bob Team, Waist Makes Haste

The current two-man world bobsled champions—the team that is favored over Eugenio Monti of Italy and Tony Nash of Great Britain to win the gold medal at Grenoble—are naturals. Not only do they have the same kind of unflappable temperament, but both have beer-and-sausage guts on well-conditioned frames. In bobsledding, the heaviest team is likely to be the fastest—and the maximum allowable combined weight of both men and a two-man sled is 375 kilos, or 827 pounds. Ballast may be used to attain the weight, but the ballast is nailed down, unable to throw itself into the curves. The driver of the Austrian sled, Erwin Thaler, weighs 192 pounds, and his brakeman, Reinhold Durnthaler, weighs 188. Add the two to a 420-pound sled and you have 800 pounds—only 27 less than the maximum.

In bobbing, timing is so critical that steering is done almost by reflex. Thaler, now a graying, 38-year-old paint salesman, was a fine slalom racer as a boy. It was his skinning reflexes that attracted Dr. Kurt Loser, then the Austrian bobmaster, to invite him to join his four-man team for training at Saint Moritz in 1953. Thaler recalls that it was the free room and board that appealed to him most; he had never even seen a bob course. He went on as a middleman on Dr. Loser's four-man bob until a spill disabled him for six months. But by then the bob fever had struck, and in 1955 he returned to Saint Moritz. He was soon a two-man brakeman, and in 1958 he became a pilot and started filling a cabinet at home with trophies.

Durnthaler, a 25-year-old medical student, also got into bobbing by happenstance. His best friend in high school in Linz was the son of the Austrian bob champion, Paul Herbert Aisl, who gave him a chance on a four-man team in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in 1960,

where he was spotted by Thaler. "Durnthaler was not only as fearless as I am," Thaler says, "but he was the kind of unperturbable fellow that makes a good bob partner." The two first raced as a team at the 1962 Garmisch world championships. On the first curve they left the course, destroying their sled, but they walked away unhurt. Imperturbability conquered, and at the 1963 pre-Olympics at Innsbruck, Durnthaler was picked for Thaler's four-man team at the Olympic Games. The team won a silver medal on the Igls course. The two will again be part of an Austrian four-man team at Grenoble.

Thaler and Durnthaler won the European championships in 1967. One month later they won the world championship at Alpe d'Huez on the Olympic run (SI, Feb. 20, 1967).

To keep his reflexes sharp during the off season, Thaler runs 4.5 miles on the Patzschkofel downhill in the summer, often two or three times a day. Durnthaler uses his free time to engage in various kinds of athletics. Throughout summer and fall, the 60 bobsledders who man the 22 vehicles owned by the Austrian bobsled association gather at the Innsbruck airport. The two-man teams push the 500-pound sleds, mounted on coasters, for 40 yards and then jump on, practicing starts.

Explains Thaler: "In a sport that offers less training time than any other, this prepares us for the coordination of the first seconds, when minuscule factors can be so vitally decisive."

Thaler confides that after 15 years of racing this is his last year, win or not. "I've been engaged to my girl for so many years now that perhaps she has the right to her future husband reasonably intact," he says.

Durnthaler plans to continue as a slider at least until the time when he

has to start his internship as a pediatrician. Meanwhile, why do they do it at all? Says Durnthaler, "Even when I'm only a brakeman, I get the unique thrill of utmost speed close to the ground, plus the sensation of real teamwork. The slightest nervous move, the smallest pilot error can mean the difference between life and grave injury or even death."

Erwin Thaler thinks that the approximate minute between the start and the finish of a bob run are both the longest and the shortest time experience man can achieve. He says, "No one ever goes on a bob run without the awareness that this may be his last ride and no one goes on without a silent appeal to the Lord. But once the sled gains speed and I know that the man behind me has pushed properly and jumped on correctly, every thought except that of the winding road of ice has vanished. The noise is so terrific that there can be no commutation. Spectators are a blur. I can't do anything but trust my instinct to help me take the curves at angles that exploit the conditions of the run just enough to gain those fractions of seconds over my competitors. That is all it takes to win that \$40 worth of gold."

And it is for that excitement that Thaler and Durnthaler are paying part of their expenses to Grenoble. The Austrian bobsled association has been flat broke since it emptied its treasury to build the Igls run for the Innsbruck Olympics and is now barely able to field its teams—even with an Olympic gold medal on the horizon.

—FRANZ SPELMAN

Bobbers Thaler (right) and Durnthaler were photographed on eve of winning 1967 world title.







Russia Is Once Again a Nonstop Ice Machine

Twenty-one years ago no one in the Soviet Union played ice hockey. So the Russians invented it—or at least imported it and stamped it with their personal imprint. Now more than one million people play hockey in Russia, and they all play it the way two coaches, Arkadi Cherenyshov and Anatoli Tarasov, say it should be played. The best 18 players make Russia's national team, the team that has won the world "amateur" hockey title for five straight years and should win the Olympic gold medal over Sweden, Canada, Czechoslovakia and the U.S.

Kids in the U.S., Canada and Europe learn many styles of play and often need a good deal of time to get used to one another. In Russia, where almost every side street has its own junior club, the kids work together for so long that the ones who make the national team become a flawlessly synchronized machine. Soviet players do not even look before they make passes, they know where their teammates are going to be. Sometimes the plays seem so predictable that you would think opponents would anticipate them. But they are executed so perfectly that hardly anyone breaks them up.

Alexander Almetov, Boris Mayorov, Valery Nikitin and Anatoli Firsov (left to right) were photographed after last year's world championships in Vienna, where the team scored 58 goals and yielded only nine. The Russians are experienced—about half the squad at Grenoble will be Olympic veterans. The only way to upset the Soviet players is to hit them often and hard, but each year they become less vulnerable to hard body checkers like the Canadians. Even in the most rugged games the Russians have another big advantage: they are so superbly conditioned that they never seem to get tired.

—PETE ANTHELM





Norway Will

Run—and Jump—Away with the Nordic Events

What is all this nonsense about racing downhill on skis? Anything that lasts—what, one little minute, two minutes?—is strictly for sissies. What really counts, they tell you in Norway, is slogging through the trees, over the rocks and into the hills. What also counts is jumping recklessly off high platforms and holding yourself up in the sky by grabbing the seat of your pants. Anything less is for callow kids and girls.

Norway ought to know. Norwegians ski across their country, not down it, and they figure around Oslo that a ski lift is probably a stiff drink after a day in the woods. Norwegians are tough. Nordic skiing is tough. But the two go together—and there go a goodly share of the gold medals that will be won at the 1968 Olympics.

A lot of this special hardness can be explained with the bear story. In the old, old days, Norsemen used to have a high old time roasting out hibernating bears, beating the very Winnie the Pooh out of them with long, stout poles and cooking them up for dinner. Got to be a sort of thing a man did while skiing.

What happens, of course, is that you do this sort of thing two or three times each winter, and pretty soon the kids get to doing it for laughs every Saturday night and then *threw* kids. And next thing you know, in a generation beyond that, you have spawned a mean, coldly tough crew of blue-eyed bashers. They all get together and call themselves the Norwegian Nordic Ski Team.

The 1968 collection of Norway Olympians is the fiercest ever assembled in

that cold, bumpy and rockbowed country.

They look it. They are proud, aloof men, each one tightly wired together with several miles of sinew, with the shoulders and arms of linebackers and the spindly legs of 10,000-meter runners. All wear bone-white, slightly blotchy looks, as if they scrub with Brillo pads. All wear those fine, hooked Nordic noses and a clear air of confidence—which figures. There are 11 world champions among them, a couple of almost-champions, and there are so many more stacked up around the fjords that their coach, Oddmund Jensen, has one 18-year-old hidden off in his farm system who he admits is "the best I have ever seen." But the kid still can't make the traveling squad.

Collectively, they're overpowering. Most of them have unpronounceable names that crackle on the cold air and hang there ominously, full of trick vowels and consonants. Try Ole Ellefsæter. Wrong. The first name is rolled off the tongue until it sounds like "Yule." Gjermund Eggen is relatively easy to say. But Odd Martensen's first name rhymes with "ode," and about the time the Olympic announcer struggles through something like, "Here comes Harald Grønningen now," old Harald will be almost halfway to Lyon.

Anyway, the legend about those bears was confirmed by Ole Ellefsæter, toughest man on the squad and perhaps the premier man in the world today over 50 kilometers—which is 31 miles of churning over hill and tree. He told it a few weeks ago in a roadside café somewhere near Høidal, Norway, 4,000 miles from the nearest Howard Johnson.

He sat with his giant's shoulders hunched over a plate containing a gloey mixture of reindeer patties and thick gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots and

something suspiciously like creamed buckshot. He stared shyly into his food and talked through an interpreter. He summed up the story with a moral of his own.

"The non-Nordic nations—and the U.S.," he said, "have too high the standard of living and too soft the life for our game. Too much indoors and too much the television."

"You cannot help but note," he said, "that the good Nordic teams come from small towns, surrounded by the woods. We must be tough just to live, we ski from the time we are small. We play on skis; we learn to accept the bitter cold. We learn about the wilds."

Ellefsæter knows. He is so flinty that the only thing that really worries Coach Jensen is that he will break his skis—which Ellefsæter does often—since he does not seem to know his own power. At the last Olympics in Innsbruck, Ellefsæter was slashing along in the 50 kilometers, burning his competitors behind him, until he broke a ski. Still, from first spot, he managed to limp in eighth.

Ole lives in a simple cabin off in the north woods, spends his working days wandering through the forest with an ax, marking trees to be cut down. And, on Sunday, he says, "to relax I run very hard and fast for, mmm, three to five." Three to five miles? No, hours.

He won every 50-kilometer race he entered last year and after one of them, to unwind a little, he decided to ski home. It was only over a mountain. About that time a fierce blizzard struck and Ole became lost in the woods. What did he do? Well, he shrugged and then he dug a hole in the snow, curled up like a sled dog and slept until daylight, got up and slogged home. And any bear that might have been careless enough to cross his path that morning would have been a very dead bear, indeed.

continued

Ellefsæter strongest man in

the world at 50 kilometers, glides across a bridge on Olympic course.

Ellefsæter is the toughest, but he also is typical of this new-old Nordic breed. Jensen is one of the few coaches in the sport who does not coach; he simply unchains his gang, turns them loose on everybody else and then paces around on skis, holding a stopwatch.

"I don't know where they come from, such a strong team," he says. "The sport today is in the situation of the wind blowing the right way for Norway."

This situation has been inevitable all along, even if it has been a long time in coming. After all, Norwegians invented skiing—and Norsemen were skiing from camp to camp about the time other tribes in the world were wrestling dinosaurs. Not long ago, archaeologists turned up a 4,000-year-old rock carving at Rodøy, near the Arctic Circle, showing a primitive stick figure on skis.

In the last Olympics, the Norwegians made away with two Nordic gold medals—in the men's combined (in which a cross-country skier must get up enough guts to hurl himself off a jump as well) and the 90-meter jump. Then they picked up silver medals in the 15- and the 30-kilometer runs. And in the years between they have been gathering force like an avalanche.

At the 1966 World Championships, Norway's Eggen burst through to win an unprecedented three gold medals, sweeping the 50, the 15 kilometers and running the 4 x 10 relay (with Ellefsæter, Martinsen and Gronningen as partners). And Bjørn Wirkola—whose first name means "bear," the greatest natural tag line in Norwegian history—came out of nowhere and stood the jumping world on its ear. He won gold medals in both the 70- and 90-meter jumping events, first man ever to pull off that lofty coup. In the latter event Wirkola sprang into what oldtime experts still say is one of the best jumps ever made, hanging up in the sky over Holmenkollen for an hour or two before coming down inside a small target area surrounded by a crowd of 90,000.

In the 15-kilometer event that year Norway not only snowballed everybody,

it ran one, two, three, with Ellefsæter and Martinsen hot behind Eggen—and in the relay event, the Norwegians blew off everybody in sight.

Since Martinsen was then a mere 23 and the baby on the squad (in Norway, nobody is considered ready for this stuff until he starts to silver at the temples) they let him run the first leg, with Eggen, Ellefsæter and Gronningen figuring that if the kid goofed they could make up the time between them.

Martinsen made his move at about five kilometers—which would be about as unwise as turning Buckpasser loose on the backstretch—and took off. While Norway stood amazed, he came in for his leg 25 seconds ahead of everyone else. The other three breezed in.

Together, they are as natural an act as, say, The Supremes. And it figured that Ellefsæter, Eggen, Gronningen and Martinsen were tabbed immediately as Norway's Golden Quartet—darlings of the fjord set and fallen upon by fans wherever they go.

"The Golden Quartet. We are not," says Ellefsæter dryly, "a rock 'n' roll band, you know."

Still, Ole bangs a mean guitar at his cabin up in the woods and sings in a rather commanding voice, a la Tennessee Ernie Ford. So he cut a couple of records, two 45s and one LP, which promptly became tops on the Norway Hit Parade. There was *Hulder Sløten*, written just for Ole, which rocks right along. It loses a lot in translation, but it is about this girl named Hulder, see, who is the wife of a troll, and it is sung in slotten—which is the Norwegian equivalent of country and western.

Eggen, meanwhile, promptly turned out a best-selling book called *Three Times Gold*, and Martinsen married a stunning nurse. And all of them took dead aim on this year's Olympics.

The country seems ready. If one were to add up all the gold medals, dating back to the pre-Alpine days when the two divisions were still a little mixed, Norway still leads the world in total championships (in which Olympics also

count) with 56. Finland is next with 40 and Austria has 38.

And even against growing East European competition they are a cinch to add at least six more to that total when the massacre starts next week.

A couple of weeks ago Coach Jensen sat in an Oslo hotel lobby and talked about it; tall, lean, wearing his sweater with the reindeer pattern, his legs stretched out, and wriggling his toes in a pair of soft boots. Skis were stacked all around and upstairs the world's toughest skiers were wallowing in all this unaccustomed luxury.

"Let's see, now," said Jensen, ticking them off on his fingers. "Twelve Nordic gold medals are possible."

"We do not have a chance with the women, so we can subtract those. We can compete with the Finns and Swedes, but Eastern Europe—where the Russian and Czech women do a man's work—they will produce the winning women. Our women are good, but they are also charming and some of them"—he shrugged—"are surprisingly ladylike."

"But we are in a favored position otherwise. If Eggen fails, which is not likely, I have someone else to send in. Ellefsæter or Martinsen. Plus some more."

"There is always the possibility," he said, "that they might get overtrained. It is even possible [he sounded like he didn't believe it] that they could get stage fright and do badly."

Still, it is difficult to picture Ellefsæter scared of anything. Gronningen is as relaxed as, and looks like, Ray Bolger about to shuffle into a chorus of *Once in Love with Amy*, and Martinsen, Eggen and the others are killy cool about competition. And if there is one man in all the Northland who is not going to get stage fright it is the littler Norsk of them all, Wirkola, the Andy Hardy of the ski jump.

While Coach Jensen was shepherding his team through the social perils of Oslo, Wirkola was up at his home in Trondheim, 250 miles to the north, standing atop the town's small jump and looking down the iced track into

the thickest snowstorm since Leif Ericson was a kid. He had his knit cap cocked down over both eyes. It rested on the bridge of his nose, which is slightly twisted, Rocky Graziano fashion, and a faint smile played around the edges of his mouth.

The little jump in Trondheim is 60 meters or so, all rickety, and it creaks and groans and goes bump in the night. To the unpracticed eye, coming off that monster would be like jumping off the St. Louis Gateway Arch. But Wirkola figures it is the snap jump of all time, and he could go off the thing doing the Monkey, the Bird or the Slop—all of which he does well.

But what about that snow? Jumping into a blizzard like that would be like jumping off the world, right?

"It may look awful," said Wirkola. "But it's nothing. It is not *that* dangerous." He grinned, with a burst of teeth and that cocky look. "After all, a snowstorm does not matter, nothing matters but to jump, you see? Look, you know the hill is down there. You

don't have to see it—you just have to jump because jumping is everything."

Wirkola jumps, the experts agree, like nobody else in the world. For one thing, he is small—barely able to peer over the top of a Volkswagen—and he has the short, slightly bowed legs of a weight lifter. But more than that, he is made out of what is suspected to be blue steel and helium. He does not have, his teammates say, a single nerve ending in his body.

Jumpers have got to be slightly daffy, anyway. Before Wirkola, the most beautiful in the world was Toralf Engan, Norway's 1964 gold medalist and now its jumping coach. Engan used to agonize over perfection before every leap, doubled over with tension and often throwing up before stepping into position on top of the ramp. Wirkola is his opposite: he is so cool that he scares everybody else on the platform.

"I look down that big jump and it does not scare me," he says, teeth clenched in a sort of savage joy. "It makes me want to jump the more. It's

beautiful; it calls me, that thing."

Wirkola wears elevator lifts on his jumping skis—not because he is built like Mickey Rooney but because all good jumpers wear them—that pitch him forward over the tips. On a flat surface it would be practically impossible to stand on them. But on the inrun it gets him properly set up.

And even to the amateur eye, the difference is plain: where other jumpers uncoil at 60 mph and leap slightly upward, Wirkola comes roaring down tucked into the tightest muscular ball anyone has ever seen and then uncoils straight out into the world like a bullet. And where other jumpers break position, the Little Bear floats down, following the curve of the hill until it seems he is a cat to land on his left eyebrow. He holds and holds and holds until the crowd starts to wince like some giant animal below and, at the last second, smoothly brings his feet around from somewhere and gets them under him.

Is it a special style? A tactic? A strategy? A bird, a plane? No.

continued



"On a perfect jump," says Wirkola, "you are a master of all the elements."

Simple: "It is because I hate to have it all end," he says.

And if you think that sort of routine does wonders for judges and the crowds, it does even more for Wirkola. It sets him afire. "When you come down from a perfect jump," he says, steel-blue eyes slit half shut, "you are only angry that you didn't stay up there longer."

"From the top I look down the icy tracks," he says, "and I become very anxious to jump. Then I run down the inrun a few paces, fast as I can, and bounce into a low, low crouch. My chest is practically on the skis. I need a great deal of speed. And when the edge of the jump comes I am going maybe 110 kilometers an hour, and I leap straight out, pushing with my legs.

"One must not uncoil," he says, "until one is about to start floating. And then! Suddenly you meet a flow of air coming up the hill. You can feel it hit your belly as you uncoil. Wonderful! And you actually ascend slightly before you start to descend. You lay out over your skis, arms back at your sides, and lie perfectly still.

"If you give in just the slightest bit or make a frightened move, your skis will come up against your body and it is like slamming on the brakes. And you start to fall, too soon, too soon. I do not even become aware of the crowd until I land, and then I hear them roar and I suddenly know they're there."

Wirkola was not always a jumper; not any more than anyone was a skydiver until he bailed out of a plane. And even at that he was obviously born, not made. Until 1964 he was a Nordic combined man and has only been a jumper-comelately.

"I thought I would take a year off and just jump," he says, "and I would see if it happened. Well, it happened, I found my true life."

In 1966 Wirkola turned the jumping world upside down, winning the Norwegian championship, which is tougher, in its way, than any other, and the two gold medals in the world meet. For one year he held the world jumping distance record at 479 feet, which does not particularly interest him since form and floating are the real rewards. And last year he cocked his jumping cap down on the bridge of his nose and took on the Germans and Austrians in their traditional "jumping week" events. Wirkola won three of the four on the program—and the title. In the pre-Olympic competition at St. Nizier, outside Grenoble, he won the 90-meter jump easily and chose not to enter the lesser jump.

And now he faces the prospect of the 1968 events. In that regard, jumpers are not like Norway's cross-country runners, who tend to be modest and kick at the snow a lot, heads down, when they talk.

"You have got to believe in yourself," Wirkola says flatly, in the clear tone of a true believer. "I would like to win two gold medals at Grenoble: the 70-meter and the 90-meter jumps. I would think that Reinhold Bachler of Austria would win a silver—he is my biggest threat—and there are at least five who could get bronze medals."

Wirkola unquestionably believes he can do it. It shows up in his walk and manner, and in a crowd he gives off the fire of a champion. In a way, Bjorn is like Eggen, the only other man on the team who clearly wants more than one gold medal.

Eggen wants three, in the 50, the 15 and the one he figures to pick up as a member of the Golden Quartet. He will start in all four events and take on all comers, including Ellefsaeter, who expects to attack in a couple of events, and Martinssen, who insists he is now old and strong enough to go 50 himself.

Gronningen, the fourth member of the quartet, will enter all events and perhaps win a silver or a bronze.

"It is," says Eggen, "the tradition, like the bears, remember? It is a way of life with us in Norway. What else is there to do here in the winter?"

So the Golden Quartet and the rest of the team assemble in Oslo, and it seems as though all 470,000 residents know them; then the jumpers come to town, walking in their special, down-from-the-hills swagger, caps pulled down over their eyes, and there is the feeling of fierce pride all through the cold air. Wirkola comes on like a transistorized Joe Namath; he gives off an aurora borealis of glittering hardness. "There is Bjorn Wirkola," everybody says. "There is the Little Bear!"

And up behind the National Theater, at the head of Karl Johan's Gate (street), is the biggest fan of them all, King Olav V, coetemp jumper (in 1923), present-day cross-country skier and fulltime Nordic buff. King Olav skis every Saturday on the miles of trails around the city. On a good day there are 100,000 people out there. Everyone meets on the trails, nodding courteously. The King, the Golden Quartet, the commoners, Coach Jensen—everybody.

King Olav's royal bodyguard skis with him in a sort of Secret Serviceman role. But halfway through the evening he has fallen more than a block behind, puffing badly.

In a country full of tough people it is incongruous. Ah, well, maybe the guy is a Swede.

—BOB OTTUM

Wirkola plans to win two golds, one on the Olympic 90-meter jump in the background.



The Dutch—led by Stien Kaiser and Ans Schut (below) and



Kees Verkerk (next page)—may win six Olympic speed-skating gold medals.







Kees and Crew Are Going To Put a Stopper in Holland's Gold Drain

For various reasons that have to do with winter scenes by Brueghel and the myth of Hans Brinker, the Dutch are as closely linked with the sport of skating as Cooperstown, N.Y. is with the birth of baseball. It is a surprising fact, therefore, that in the 44-year history of the Winter Olympic Games the Dutch have never won a speed-skating gold medal.

Next week, however, the famine is going to end with a feast. Dutch skaters, male and female, should win at least three gold medals in speed skating at Grenoble, and they have a chance to capture six of the eight.

The breakthrough for The Netherlands has come because the Dutch have started to rely on skating ovals made by machine instead of canals frozen by God. The Netherlands Skating Association has built three of these artificial tracks at a cost of \$2.2 million. The Dutch, who feel they belong on skates, can at last really indulge their most natural sport without having to depend on cold winters to produce ice. The ersatz ice already has helped turn out three of the world's best. They are:

• Sten Kaiser, 29, a police-station secretary from Delft who in 1967 was the best in the world at 1,000, 1,500 and 3,000 meters and became the first Dutch lass ever to win the world championship, a title held by the Russians for 15 years. Miss Kaiser has been skating since she was 7 when she discovered that it was a quick way of getting to school over the frozen ditches around Delft. Sten has a chance in the Olympic 500-meter, though the favorite will be Diane Holm of the U.S. She should win a medal at 1,000 meters, but will have to beat teammate Carry Geijssen and Russia's Ludmila Titova for a gold. At 3,000 meters she should be just behind teammate Ans

Schut and at 1,500 just ahead of Carry, Ans and Russia's Laila Skoblikova.

• Ard Schenk, 23, a physical-therapy student, raised on his family's 42-acre mink, potato, corn and beet-sugar farm. He won the European championship in 1966 and was runner-up at the world championships in both 1966 and 1967. Schenk has an excellent chance to win a gold medal at 1,500 meters.

• Kees Verkerk (left), 25, short, dark, muscular, and fanously competitive, who in 1967 became the first skater in nine years to win both the world and European championships in the same season. Stocky and explosive, Verkerk is nonetheless a distance racer. He will be co-favored with Schenk and Russia's Eduard Matusevich at 1,500 meters, the co-favorite with Norway's Fred Anton Maier in both the 5,000 and 10,000. Kees is from Puttershoek, where his father owns a bar. He looks for his strongest Olympic challengers to come from Norway, Sweden and Russia, but mostly he looks toward his close friend, Ard Schenk. "Ard keeps me up to the mark," he says. "And I guess I keep him up to it, too."

From the time he was 7 years old Kees Verkerk has been kept up to the mark by a proud and dictatorial father, Pleun Verkerk, who was in his youth a sprinter, a speed skater and a soccer player. In his middle age, Verkerk senior has become the classic version of the frustrated athlete who sells the souls of his children for the world fame he never earned himself.

The Verkerk home, constructed of yellow brick browned by age, perches by the edge of the River Maas, next to the town pier. It is half tavern, half grim, bare living quarters over the tavern. Pleun is a crude, powerful, gray-haired

man who greets visitors with a gruff voice and a violent thump on the back.

"How you like where we live?" he bellows. "We are a hard, strong, simple family, and it is from a tiny house like this that comes world champion. From big house comes only son of a b*ch."

Verkerk senior is bullishly proud of the fact that Kees, or Keesie as he is called, has dedicated himself to a life in sports. Pleun was a far-riding bus driver when Kees was a boy. But when Kees won his first speed-skating gold medal, the junior championship of Holland, at 14, Pleun Verkerk retired from bus driving and bought the house-tavern so that he could stay at home to supervise his son's training. After showing visitors the trophy case, which houses the silver medal Kees brought home from the 1964 Olympics, Pleun says, "Come, now you see how a champion lives." The first stop is a chilly room that contains barrels of beer and a bicycle braced in a frame. "When he is home," says the father, "Keesie pedals on this for two hours every day. The sweat pours off him like beer from one of my faucets. You try." Thanks, but no.

Next stop is the Verkerk living quarters, as clean as a freshly frozen pond and just about as barren and chilly.

In the bathroom, Pleun points to a worn steel and enamel bathtub. "The greatest speed skaters in the world come to this little house, they come and bathe in that bathtub," Pleun announces. "Everyone comes to the house of a world champion."

It is very likely that next week customers and admirers will continue to pound at the door of the Café Verkerk, after Kees once again revives the images of Brueghel and of Hans Brinker.

—GWYNETH S. BROWN

PEOPLE

President Johnson is going to get a present, namely our present to Carl Yastrzemski. Yaz, with Joe DiMaggio, Mike McCormick, Dick Williams and Paul Casanova, was a guest at the White House recently. He gave Mr. Johnson a Carl Yastrzemski bat, then asked if he would accept his **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year** award, a replica of our nearly 2,500-year-old Grecian amphora, symbolizing sportsmanship. Yaz offered it "on behalf of the many wounded Vietnam veterans I've visited who agree with U.S. policy and on behalf of the youth of America." Yaz said the President will accept the award, but he will apparently have to receive it at Yaz's convenience. "Probably sometime in May," Carl thinks, "because I don't expect to be in Washington again before then."

Harry B. Henshel, president of the Bulova Watch Company, has been interested for years in the timing of sports events, a fact that has had much to do with the development of the Bulova Phototimer, the \$200,000 electronic system that clocks a finish to 1/100th second, and Bulova's free loan service that

provides \$150-\$300 hand timers for amateur meets across the country. Henshel himself is a dedicated volunteer timing official. "What most fans don't realize," he has said, "is that timing a finish officially is far more demanding and satisfying than merely watching a finish. . . . It's an exhilarating experience." Obviously Harry B. Henshel means it. For the exhilaration of timing the Millrose Games he recently flew in from Switzerland.

Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy pointed out that "the greatest trade of all was the time Bobby Kennedy went to New York and Carl Yastrzemski went to Boston." Vice-President Humphrey characterized himself as "the unchallenged master of the sacrifice." With such snappy speakers holding forth at the Washington Baseball Writers awards dinner it was a particular honor for Mrs. Johnson's Press Secretary Liz Carpenter (below with Baseball Commissioner William Eckert) to have been elected to bat last. Liz is believed to be the only woman who has addressed the Baseball Writers and, sensible of the distinction, she prepped by looking into a

book called *Baseball Made Plain*. "It's a book," she explains, "for people who want to know first that baseball is the game played with the small round ball, not the game played with the oblong ball."

In the future anybody who goes to Las Vegas and asks where the action is may get a whole new answer. The prince of that principality, Howard Hughes, has announced that he plans to build the world's largest resort hotel there. The 4,000-room harem will cost an estimated \$150 million and proposed amenities include more bowling lanes and billiard facilities than any other hotel in the world, an ice-skating rink; arrangements for bridge, Skoe-Ball, table tennis and chess, plus indoor golf. Hughes reportedly has said that the resort will be so planned that "any guest will simply have to make a supreme effort if he wants to be bored." And any guest who tries to plead boredom because the sporting facilities are closed, to justify sneaking off to the casinos, will be out of luck. The sporting facilities will be open 24 hours a day.

Indiana's Senator Hartke is an honorable man. He lost his Rose Bowl bet with George Murphy of California and has dutifully paid off with a lunch. He and his staff and Murphy and his staff recently sat down to a meal that began with O. J. Simpson Screwdrivers and progressed to Baked Crow (a 28-pound turkey) with "14-3" garnish; Sweet Johnny Pont Potatoes; Big Ten Baked Beans; Goul Slaw; Roll-Outs and Butter; Coffee, Split-Tea and Smog (milk). For dessert there was Gridiron Cake with a football and goalposts and roses on it. The Senators' staffs wore name tags saying, "I am a good loser" or "I am a good winner." Murphy's team serenaded Hartke's and a good tune was had by all. As for Hartke's being an honorable



man, he has earned that description not just by paying his gambling debts, but by not paying them with the taxpayers' money. The luncheon was cooked by his staffers at home and carried to Capitol Hill.

Nine of France's foremost jockeys were recently up, and quite often down, for the Jockey Cup, a first annual skiing event that took place in the French Alps. Yves Saint-Martin, Léon Flaven (above), Jean-Claude Desaint, Maxime Garcia and Henri Samani were among the contenders at La Plagne, and on the morning of the big day it was Garcia in the two-lap, 38-gate slalom, followed by Samani and Flaven. At noon the nine lined up for the downhill, and it was top jockey Saint-Martin going away, with Samani placing and Flaven sixth. Next, a banquet—"Just a *skier* one," said a La Plagne official, but with wine, "*nonverbal*,"—"and then the giant slalom. At this point the money should have been on Samani, with his double second, but on the postprandial run he had a bad fall. Desaint took the giant slalom and veteran jockey and skier Flaven came in second to win overall. Whether Samani lost because he was the less experienced jockey, skier or wine drinker is not known.



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An open-minded boss for a bunch of old goats

Robert Kelleher has given the dusty USLTA one year of progressive leadership, but his influence will be tested when officials vote whether or not to allow U.S. amateurs to participate in an open Wimbledon



On his first day as president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, Bob Kelleher was bitten by a dog and threatened by a man with a machine gun. It may have been the least trying day of his first year in office and good preparation for leading an organization that, in terms of efficiency and coordination, rivals the New York Mets.

Kelleher's involvement with the belligerent dog and its armed master occurred in Puerto Rico where, searching for the home of a friend in a rural area, he was challenged as a trespasser. Though the hound was unconvinced of Kelleher's merits, the man with the machine gun was fairly reasonable and did not pull the trigger.

As Robert J. Kelleher, a Los Angeles lawyer out of Williams College and Harvard Law, winds up his first year in the unpaid job of presiding over amateur tennis in this country, several of his fellow officers have concluded that the dog in Puerto Rico had the right idea. These are the men who have kept tennis in the Victorian era, who consider themselves watchdogs guarding the old homestead—guarding it from progressing into the 20th century, that is.

Kelleher may be outdistancing the watchdogs, though (he prefers to classify them, zoologically, as "the old goats"). During the year he has moved ambitiously and impressively to pull the organization together—or at least to connect it with a financial pipeline that

will enable the dusty USLTA to update itself in several ways. Most recently he has been vigorously campaigning to get the USLTA to allow U.S. amateurs to participate in an open Wimbledon. Whether or not he has convinced the old goats will be revealed this week in Coronado, Calif., when the organization holds its annual meeting and makes its decision.

Although southern California has produced more championship players than the other 16 sections of the USLTA combined—and Los Angeles is the country's tennis mecca—Kelleher is the first southern Californian to become chief executive of the 87-year-old organization. Maybe this isn't so strange. Sectionalism is strong in the USLTA. The East—the New England and Eastern sections—has nearly enough votes to run the show. Allied with the Western (Midwest) sections it can carry anything.

Apparently Kelleher was acceptable because he is a blend of East and West. Raised within a mile of the game's American showplace—The West Side Tennis Club—in Forest Hills, N.Y., he migrated to Los Angeles in 1940 with his wife, Gracy, a Santa Monica native.

Foremost reason for Kelleher's near-universal appeal was his success as Davis Cup captain. His victory in 1963 over Australia brought the cup back to the U.S. for a brief visit, the only look Americans have had at it in five years, and it convinced tennis officials that Kelleher

had supernatural powers. Kelleher accepted the nomination, he says, "primarily to keep the job from going to one of the backward old goats—some New Englander dedicated to tennis but completely out of touch with the sporting picture in America."

"Tennis is a marvelous sport to play and watch," says Kelleher, "but we've swallowed some of our own myths about its popularity. Look at the sports pages, look at TV. Where is tennis? It is a minor sport that has a chance to realize its potential as a healthful recreational and consequential spectator sport if it will get up-to-date."

Such frankness does not please the old goats, few of whom can see beyond their own sectional strongholds and club gates. To them, a crowd of 2,000 at a big match is a major happening.

Soon after his inauguration, moving so quickly that the goats had no time to butt in, Kelleher made three significant moves in the USLTA's behalf: 1) he became a client of Licensing Corporation of America, which could mean added income of \$50,000 to \$100,000 annually for the USLTA; 2) he signed a deal with Madison Square Garden for a yearly international indoor tournament in the new building, which will give amateur tennis its first exposure in a prime Manhattan arena and put a minimum of \$30,000 in the kitty; and 3) he hired the organization's first full-time salaried executive assistant, Bob Malaga of

Cleveland, whose role corresponds to that of Joe Dey in golf.

A tall, easy-moving, dark-haired man of 54, Kelleher periodically asks himself, understandably, "What am I doing this for?" He can sit on the bricked terrace in front of his handsome home—an aerie in the Coldwater Canyon section of Beverly Hills—and peer across Los Angeles to the Pacific and Catalina Island. His lighted tennis court is at his feet, and next door is the only clay court in Los Angeles, belonging to Ginger Rogers. Kelleher has often played there.

As USLTA president there is little time for sitting on the terrace with his wife, two children and their collie. The ceremonial appearances demanded of the president keep him on the road most of the time. His own tennis game suffers, and the summer home on the beach near San Diego is hardly used. The Kellehers have been married 27 years. Gracyn Wheeler was Bob's best win when he was playing the Eastern Circuit during the late '30s. He was a good college player, winning the Eastern Intercollegiate Doubles for Williams. He still plays well, having stood as national Senior Hard Court Doubles champ in 1958, 1959, 1960 and 1962. But it was by marrying Gracyn that he forever etched the name Kelleher in the national rankings. She was No. 5 among the women in 1940.

Kelleher's progressive thinking naturally has made him a number of enemies in the conservative, old USLTA. "Money, money, money—that's all Kelleher and Malaga think about," says one oldtimer. "There's too much emphasis on tournaments and talk about opens. Open tennis will kill the amateur game as we know it."

"Possibly," says Kelleher, "open tennis would diminish the current amateur fixtures. I don't know." But he does know that people who talk about "the great amateur game" are dreaming and that none of the top amateurs have been actually amateur for about 40 years. Kelleher thinks that opens might bring the game into perspective. If pros become the stars he won't mind very much. "I would hope the USLTA would take steps to control open play—as the USGA does the U.S. Golf Open—to profit by it. And perhaps then the USLTA would slowly go back to what it was intended to be—an organization to spread the gospel of tennis on an elementary level."

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The best putters follow the straight and narrow

This putting suggestion may sound ridiculous because it is so elementary. However, I forget about it myself occasionally, and I suspect that you may sometimes forget about it, too. Basically it is this: when you are putting, concentrate only on taking the putter head away from the ball and then back through on a perfectly straight path, whether the putt is two feet or 50 feet. Unfortunately, few golfers really concentrate on where the face of the putter is going. Instead they worry too much

about their distance and direction—and when they leave a short putt out to one side they generally attribute it to misjudging the line. Most of the time, though, they miss because they take the putter back and then through the ball on a crooked path and so start the ball rolling in the wrong direction. You always will hit the ball where you want to if you move the putter on a straight path throughout your stroke. That is one of the first things a golfer learns—and also one of the first things he forgets.

No matter how long the putt, you should concentrate on taking the club head back and bringing it through on an even path.

FRANKS SOLDER



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2. Now, quickly bring it up to your face.

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The tricky technique with the sexy title

I rarely write about a simple squeeze because, to a majority of bridge players, it isn't simple and, to the rest, it can be simply boring. However, because the squeeze is a rather uncommon way of manufacturing an extra trick, the first squeeze any player executes is bound to bestow a milestone thrill.

The first recognized squeeze play probably came about when some hard-giver-upper with one "sure" loser reeled off his good tricks and achieved a hoped-for "mistake" from an opponent. Then the defender, accused of being stupid, suggested that his partner show him what he could have discarded that would have saved a trick.

Studying the phenomenon, experts discovered that to operate a squeeze, the squeezeer usually had to have all but one of the remaining tricks. In fact, in many hands the

technique demands that a player give up one or two tricks early in the play to set up a position where all but one of the remaining tricks can be won. However, the vast majority of squeezes still happen automatically; the declarer accidentally achieves a squeeze position as the course of following some other plan. That is how South achieved his maiden squeeze in this deal.

South's seven-card, solid suit justified opening the bidding on a hand that lacked outside strength. His later jump to five diamonds may appear daring, but South had given careful ear to the auction. A three-club rebid by North at his second turn would have been forcing; since he jumped to four, South read him for a tolerance for diamonds and a shortage in spades. South wanted North to have no worries about the solidity of the trump suit.

East won the spade opening and shifted to a trump. With any other return, South would have had no difficulty in trumping two spade losers in dummy and dumping a spade and a heart on the two top clubs. Unable to ruff more than one spade loser, South had to find another plan for developing a 12th trick. He won the diamond lead with dummy's 10, cashed the top clubs, discarding a spade and a heart, and ruffed a third club lead in his hand. Next he trumped a spade in dummy and led a fourth club. East failed to follow and declarer's hope of setting up the fifth club was blighted. South ruffed the club and ran off all his diamonds.

On the second and third round of trumps, it seemed to West that his safest discards would be spades. On the next trump, he parted with a heart. And on the final trump, he let go another heart to avoid establishing dummy's last club. Declarer then let go dummy's useless club, coming down to the ace-10 of hearts, and now something happened to East. In order to cover dummy's 10 of hearts, he had to let go his last spade. South's 8 of spades was suddenly a trick.

Automatic, did I say? Well, not exactly. First, South had to hold a spade and a heart, rather than two hearts. But, more important, South did not really have a squeeze if the defenders had played correctly. Had West looked ahead before making his early discards, he could have foreseen that he would not be able to guard both the heart and club suits. But he could guard the club and spade suits, forcing his partner to hold onto the hearts. By holding the two black queens as his last two cards, West would have broken the squeeze.

END

South dealer

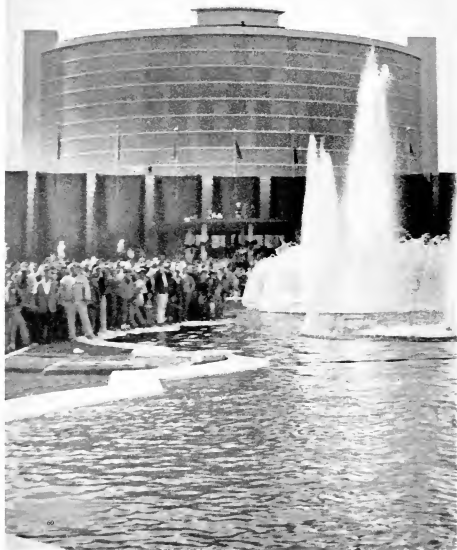
		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♥	1♠
2♠	2♠	4♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 1 of spades

Cold medal winner



At your pharmacy.



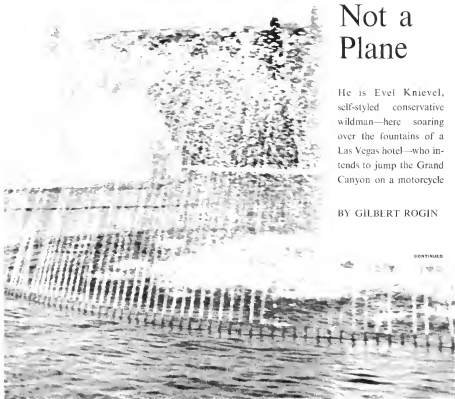


He's Not a Bird, He's Not a Plane

He is Evel Knievel, self-styled conservative wildman—here soaring over the fountains of a Las Vegas hotel—who intends to jump the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle

BY GILBERT ROGIN

CONTINUED



Evel Knievel, who says he is going to jump the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle next Labor Day, is having a glass of orange juice with John Herring, a songwriter, in the coffee shop of the Beverly Wilshire in Beverly Hills at 3 a.m. Herring, who has composed such hits as *What Have I Got of My Own?* and *What Do You Do with an Old, Old Song?* has agreed to write a song about Evel Knievel—a name, by the way, that rhymes, being pronounced Evul Kahneevil. Herring tells Knievel he shouldn't publicize their relationship. "It's more admirable that someone was inspired by your jump and went and wrote the song," he says.

In fact, someone was inspired—another songwriter named Arlin Harmon. Herring has already heard Harmon's lyrics a couple of times, but Knievel, who is deeply affected by them, insists on reciting them once more:

"I want to tell you a story about a fella
I know
That can make your hands sweat, your
blood run cold. . . .
He stands tall and straight, looks like a
man you'd want to kiss.
To see him flirt with death is something
you can't afford to miss.
Because he's evil. Because he's Evel
Knievel.
He's going to jump the Grand Canyon
in '68.
Thousands of people will be there for
that long-awaited date.
When he sits on that ramp and his engines
start to roar,
He's going to know how a hawk feels
before he starts to soar.
It's 3,000 feet to the bottom of that gorge.
His life will be hanging from a small
ripcord.
And whether or not he heeds the devil's
longing call,
Everyone will know that Evel Knievel's
the greatest of them all."

"Y'don't want to put him in a *Big Bad John* bag," Herring says. "Y'got to bring it up to a higher plane of thought where everybody can feel it, y'dig? He could be in business. He's legitimate. What's he want to jump that thing for? Some say he wants to make a lot of money. The more sensitive say he's looking for something. He says, 'Shove that noise. I'm going to jump this scooter.' Y'got to get closer to an elevated message, like:

"When the roar of thunder fills the air,
And your heart begins to pound,
When 10,000 people rise to their feet [y'
understand?],
Then you'll know he's leaving the ground
[for Evel Knievel's in town].

"You give the effects. What you taste, hear, feel—dig?"

"No use to worry about your tomato."

He didn't come to town for tomatoes.

"He's seeking something else. You got to give it a broad philosophical base. I never wrote a song that didn't make money. I never will."

Why is Knievel jumping the Canyon?

"To get to the other side," he says.

If it can be said that anyone has the background to jump the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle, it is Evel Knievel. For the past two years he has earned his living jumping a motorcycle from one ramp to another, and he claims to have made \$100,000 in 1967. "You might say I have a pretty comfortable living," he says, "but it's pretty uncomfortable."

Among other things, he has cleared 16 cars parked side by side, and a crate containing 50 live rattlesnakes, with two mountain lions staked at the rear end. Originally the lions were to be situated at both ends, but their owner was afraid Knievel would fall short and kill one of them. As it happened, he did not jump far enough. "I took the end right out of the box," he says. "A couple of snakes wiggle free. I hit the dirt and sprained my ankle. I don't jump rattlesnakes no more."

Knievel has had five major accidents as a result of making (or, in some cases, missing) his jump. The first of these mishaps occurred in Missoula, Mont. "I had skipped from 10 to 13 cars," he recalls. "Boy, oh, boy! I hit the 13th. That was a panel truck. I always put a panel next to the landing ramp. A panel gives. The landing ramp doesn't give. It will cut your head off. I didn't have enough speed. When I hit, it knocked me unconscious. I went up in the air and slammed down on the ramp and rolled to the bottom. My left arm was completely broken in half. My ribs were nearly all broken, and I had head injuries. After two weeks I regained enough strength for an operation."

"In Graham, Washington I tried 16 cars. I made 15. You never know the sensation of going through the air when you make it, but you sure know it when you miss. I had an awful brain concussion, but I heal up fast. A month later, in a return appearance in Graham, I couldn't hold on when I landed and broke my left wrist, my right knee and a couple of ribs. In Seattle I overjumped and broke my lower spine. I landed too hard. A motorcycle coming down from 30 feet at 70 mph gives you a terrible jolt."

On New Year's Eve, Knievel jumped the ornamental fountains in front of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, which are billed as the World's Largest Privately Owned Fountains. Several weeks earlier he had said, "I know I can jump these babies, but what I don't know is whether I can hold on to the motorcycle when it lands. Oh, boy, I hope I don't fall off."



Before his Las Vegas jump, Knievel, attired in red, white and blue leathers, addresses the crowd of thrill seekers.

Knievel's fears were justified. Shortly after the motorcycle hit the landing ramp, he fell and rolled 165 feet across an asphalt parking lot. Knievel is now in Southern Nevada Memorial Hospital, recovering from compound fractures of the hip and pelvis. "Everything seemed to come apart," he said. "I couldn't hang on to the motorcycle. I kept smashing over and over and over and over and over, and I kept saying to myself, 'Stay conscious, stay conscious.' But, hey, I made the fountains!"

Knievel was—spectacularly—aloft for 50 yards. This, he claims, is a world record, which is undoubtedly true; of course, as he says, "I'm the only guy in the world doing what I'm doing. I'm a jumping son-of-a-bitch. I'll jump anything. This summer I'm going to jump at Circus Circus, a new casino they're building in Vegas. They want me to jump the scoreboard in Soldier Field. I can jump Candlestick Park. I'm probably one of the most brilliant guys in the country so far as trajectory is concerned. Man, I can leap with a single bound."

Evel Knievel decided to jump the Grand Canyon sight unseen. "Some guy in Kalispell, Montana told me it was only 600 feet across," he says. "I figured I could jump it. Of course, once I said I was going to jump it, I thought I might as well look at it." When he did, he found the narrowest place suitable for jumping was more like 1.1 miles from rim to rim. "Actually, there is a place on the Little Colorado which is a quarter of a mile across," he says. "But that's not the Grand Canyon. You can't say you're going to jump the Grand Canyon and then jump some other canyon."

Knievel proposes to take off from the Navajo Indian Reservation and parachute to earth in the Kaibab National Forest. Although the rim of the Canyon where he expects to land is about 600 feet lower than that from which he will take off, in order to gain enough altitude to clear the gorge Knievel is going to build a dirt ramp 735 feet long and perhaps 200 feet high. For the jump he plans to ride either a Triumph 650 cc or a new Triumph Cub 350 cc equipped with a streamlined shield and shell designed by Alex Tremulis—who did the styling for Walt Arfons' rocket car—a pair of delta fins, a small gyroscope, and two Turbotorque jet engines, which deliver a total of 200 pounds of thrust and 2,000 jet hp. For greater stability, the front wheel will automatically lock and hold the front forks dead center when he reaches the ramp.

Knievel hopes to hit 120 mph over the quarter-mile runway that will lead to the ramp. When he starts up the ramp he will throw on the jets. Within four seconds he should accelerate to between 280 and 300 mph—the speed he feels he needs to hurdle an arc from rim to rim. He will be strapped to the machine with a safety belt, his hands will be latched to the handlebars and he will wear a space-type suit, an oxygen tank, a helmet with a radio receiver and a 26-foot parachute manufactured by Paracuties, Inc., which may be released either by a drogue gun or by pilot chutes. As Knievel approaches the far rim and is jerked from the motorcycle by the billowing chute, a lanyard connecting him and the bike will fire a drogue gun releasing another parachute that will let the motorcycle down. (When Knievel appeared on the *Joe's Bishop Show* to publicize the Canyon jump, Dan Smith, the director, asked him, "Let me get this right, as you do this you sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*!")

"The motorcycle will not fly," Knievel says. "It will drop like a rock. But if the center of thrust and the center of gravity and the center of lift coincide at a center point, and if the thrust is set in the right position, and if the right amount of thrust is being applied to the back of the motorcycle, this machine will stay stable."

"What could go wrong? One, upon leaving the runway area the machine could come apart and tumble and kill me. Two, when I hit the bottom of the ramp and throw the jets on, one might not fire and I'd go cartwheeling off the ramp at such an incredible speed I don't think a man could keep his equilibrium. Three, if the motorcycle's not basical-

continued

ly stable and starts to tumble or spin at 300 mph, I better be in damn good shape. Four, when it comes time to get off I hope I have my senses so that I can get off. I'd also like to come off on top, so that when my parachute opens the motorcycle doesn't come through it.

"I'm going to have a radio team, headed up by Joe Pyne, to keep track of my altitude and let me know, when I get halfway across, whether I have enough altitude to make it all the way. If not, they better warn me. There is a chance of a head-on collision with the opposite rim of the Canyon. *Splat!* Senator Metcalf asked Bobby Kennedy in my presence whether he'd head up my pick-up team if I have to abort into the Colorado River. Senator Kennedy told me he didn't know whether he would be free at the time.

"But the gravest problem is that I don't lose my nerve before I jump. Hell, I don't feel I have a problem. I have a situation. I don't have any problems in life, just situations. I'm positive I can jump the Grand Canyon because I'm a firm believer in the fact that any idea that a man can honestly conceive and honestly believe, if he wants to do the thing really bad enough, he can do it.

"I don't care if they say, 'Look, kid, you're going to drive that thing off the edge of the Canyon and die,' I'm going to do it. I want to be the first. If they'd let me go to the moon, I'd crawl all the way to Cape Kennedy just to do it. I'd like to go to the moon, but I don't want to be the second man to go there.

"It's like Indianapolis. That's great, but I don't want to join the numbers, the rinks, fall in line. Indianapolis is wonderful. I don't mean any disrespect. But I want to do something that's never been done before. Auto racers, they defy death. I stare it right in the face. I believe we were born dead. I did not ask to be put here on earth. I have accepted the fact that dying is a part of living. If I make it across the Grand Canyon, I'll be a millionaire. But I'm not all jacked up to make a big killing. I want to do this thing because I want to do this thing. I don't know if it's going to make a worthwhile contribution to society or transportation, but I'm going to do it. And the best thing about the deal is that I'm not going to make any less money if I don't do it, if I have to get off halfway across. One hundred thousand people aren't going to say 'boo'."

Knievel believes that both the jump and the preparations for it will be an irresistible draw. "Three hundred thousand people come to the Grand Canyon every month between April and Labor Day," he says, "and all they've got to look at is the Grand Canyon." However, he may never get off the ground. Knievel is convinced that Raymond Nakai, the chairman of the Navajo Indian Tribal Council, is receptive to what Knievel calls "my program," but the 74-member council has so far refused to grant him permission to build takeoff facilities; thus, despite his offer to deposit \$100,000 to guarantee the wages of whatever

Indians he would employ to construct the ramp, runway, access area and parking lot. (He has also offered the Navajos a percentage of any TV money, the live gate and the concessions.) "I feel I have been misled by the Navajo people," Knievel says. "They seem to be concerned about cattle grazing and erosion."

Even if Knievel finally obtains the Navajos' permission, it is not altogether clear whether he may land in the National Forest. He treasures a letter from Robert E. Vaughan, a deputy assistant secretary in the Department of the Interior, which he interprets as giving him authorization. The pertinent passage reads, "Obviously, we would have no objection to your making the jump outside of the Park." Vaughan's letter concludes, "Your self-confidence... is only mildly reassuring to those of us who have read about your plans. But you have our best wishes for success in your undertaking."

Whatever the case, Knievel is determined to jump. "I've told [Secretary of the Interior] Udall and Senator Hayden there's no way they're going to stop me," he said the other day. "Even if I have to go up there at one a.m. in the pitch dark of the morning and jump that motorcycle off the edge." A moment later he added, "I wonder what in the world I'm going to do after the Grand Canyon."

Evel Knievel was born in Butte, Mont. as Robert Craig Knievel. His father, an imported-car dealer, and his mother were separated when he was six months old, and he was raised by his paternal grandparents. As a small boy he was nicknamed Evil. "I've changed the 'i' to 'e'," he says. "I'm not evil. I don't relish doing things that aren't right." He is 29 years old, and in his wallet he carries a fortune-cookie slip that reads, "You will live long and enjoy life." He sets great store by this prediction. "A guy who owned a gas station once bet me \$25 I wouldn't live to be 23," he says. "When I became 23, he wouldn't pay up. That night I conked his attendant and robbed the place of \$900."

Knievel is 6' 1", weighs 198 pounds, uses hair spray and is undeniably handsome. Recently, when a waitress in a Hollywood night club learned he had his heart set on jumping the Grand Canyon, she said, "Oh, God, don't let him do it. He's too beautiful to die."

"Everybody expects Evel Knievel to be a long-haired guy," Knievel says, "but I'm a conservative wildman. I am a guy who is first of all a businessman. I present myself to the public as an athlete and as an average human being. I look like a pole-vaulter." In fact, he has. His best height was 14' 6", which he cleared at Fort Lewis, Wash., when he was in the Army. He has also made 30 parachute jumps, ridden in amateur rodeos and in 1957 won the Northern Rocky Mountain Ski Association Class A Men's ski jumping championship. Moreover, he was the owner, general manager, coach and star of the Butte Bombers, a

semipro hockey team, and in 1959 made the Charlotte (N.C.) Clippers of the Eastern Hockey League, which he quit after the exhibition season because he felt he had no chance to reach the NHL. While he had the Bombers, he promoted a game with the Czech team, which was on its way to Squaw Valley for the 1960 Winter Olympics, and lost \$8,000. "I guaranteed plane fare and hotel rooms," he says. "Thirty-seven Czechs got off the plane."

During this period Knievel was also a guide and outfitter, operating what he called the Sur-Kill Guide Service. In December 1961, to protest the proposed slaughter of rangeless elk in Yellowstone National Park, he set out from Butte on a widely publicized hitchhiking trip to Washington, D.C., jugging a set of elk horns that he had hopes of presenting to President Kennedy. "Boy, it was cold," Knievel recalls. "Trucks would rush by and blow my suitcase and my horns right off the highway. On the way to see Mayor Daley in Chicago, I got the horns caught in a revolving door."

Knievel made it to Washington in seven days and 27 rides but never met the President. Mike Manatos, Kennedy's administrative assistant, accepted the horns, and Knievel was also received by Secretary Udall, to whom he pleaded his case. "I was wearing a pair of cowboy boots and carrying a briefcase that was empty," he says. "There was nothing in it at all." The day after the interview, the Department of the Interior agreed to have the elk trapped and transplanted to Montana, Wyoming and Idaho.

The following year Knievel broke his collarbone and shoulder in a motorcycle race and while recuperating became a salesman for the Combined Insurance Company of America, one of the largest accident and health insurance companies in the world. One day in July 1962 he sold 110 three-dollar policies to the staff of the state mental institution in Warm Springs, Mont.—a company record. He ended up the week with 271 sales. A company memorandum quotes him on this feat: "You asked me to tell you how I broke the records . . . well, to tell you the truth, it wasn't very hard . . . after I conceived in my own mind that I could do it . . . I enjoyed it and had a lot of fun . . . all it takes is accepting the challenge to do it."

Knievel left Combined when he "didn't get a positive answer" on his request to become a vice-president within two years; it was his ambition to be the youngest vice-president of any insurance company. However, he retains a high regard for the company and for its president, W. Clement Stone, whose *The Success System That Never Fails* is one of his four favorite books. The others are: *Think and Grow Rich* by Napoleon Hill, *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude* by Hill and Stone and *The Power of Positive Thinking* by Norman Vincent Peale.

At various times in his life Knievel has been a motorcycle racer but he gave it up because there is no money in it. "I can't eat handlebars, tires and batteries," is one of his favorite sayings. Knievel also built a motorcycle racetrack

and promoted races in Moses Lake, Wash., where he was a Honda dealer for two years. In that capacity, he offered \$100 off the price of a motorcycle to anyone who could beat him at arm wrestling. When nobody was able to, he offered a free motorcycle to anyone who could bend his arm, with the provision that if the customer lost he would buy a motorcycle. "This farmer tied me," Knievel recalls. "I beat him right-handed and he beat me left-handed, but I talked him into buying a 150 cc anyway. I've only been beat twice in my life—a little pig rancher from Idaho and a big guy from Spokane."

In 1961 Knievel was a private policeman in Butte. This is somewhat ironic in view of the fact that, according to his own account, he had been for some years a card thief, safecracker and swindler. "I don't like to play cards unless I can cheat," says Knievel. "And if I had a \$20 bill for every safe I peeled, I'd have a new Cadillac—and some of them didn't have any money in them. I can blow them, peel them, beat them. Floor safe, round door, square door, vault. I can crack a safe with one hand tied behind my back. I always got a hell of a feeling out of drilling a hole in a roof. There's no thrill like drilling a hole in the roof of some institution and dropping down a rope and looking around."

Knievel says he was perhaps even more accomplished at swindling. "I traveled with a man who was known as the greatest swindler of all time," he says. "A judge in one of the biggest cities in the world made the statement and was quoted in the newspapers, 'This man is one of the most brilliant criminals ever brought before me.' I always thought there was one more brilliant. That was me sitting in the courtroom who was never caught. We swindled institutions out of \$25,000 or \$30,000 within a 30-day period. I brought forth some schemes that were really brilliant, that no one in this world will ever be able to solve. I can show you a scheme that can beat any bank in this country out of any amount of money."

Knievel says he took part in an armed robbery only once. "It bothered me so much," he says. "The guy wanted to be brave. Consequently he got the hell beat out of him by me. I felt bad to have to hurt an individual to take money, even though I was doing it for a living. His blood was all over me. I did it and I got away with it, but it's not the right way of life. Why do it? Why beat someone out of money that they worked hard for, and not contribute anything to this country and what it stands for?"

"There was only one time in my life I lost my sense of being able to cope with any situation. I was crossroaded at the time. I was in Sacramento with a fella who had been on the 10 Most Wanted list and another safecracker who was on the verge of getting on the list. I thought of shooting myself. The pressure broke me. That was really the turning point. Either live the rest of my life with these people or . . . A kid will never become a man until he looks in a mirror and tells himself he wants to become a man. I want kids and teachers to look up to

continued

me and the things I stand for. I got a letter the other day from a teacher in the John F. Kennedy Junior High School in Redwood City, California. She said the children took an interest in me and followed my jumps, that it made them more intent on learning to read. I love people. I want to be good to people. That's why I changed my whole way of life. I felt if I really loved my wife and children, I'd try to make a contribution to mankind and society as they should be contributed to."

Evel and Linda Knievel have three children—two boys, Kelly, 7, and Robbie, 5, and a girl, Tracy, 4. (Recently, the three of them were jumping off a bed. "I'm Batman," said Kelly. "I'm Superman," said Robbie. "I'm Evel Knievel," said Tracy.) When Knievel was 20 and Linda 17 he convinced her of his love by kidnapping her. Along with a friend named Marco, Knievel went to an ice-skating rink in Butte where he knew Linda was skating. "I hid behind a garage, put on my skates and went out on the rink," he recalls. "She couldn't get away from me. I drug her by the hair and threw her in the back of the truck. 'Go, Marco, go,' I shouted. Then we got her into my car and I took off. I was driving with my ice skates on. Try it some time. We went and hid in a church. I knew they'd never look for me there. The cops and sheriffs were after me. My dad's friends took the cars off his lot and were looking for me. The Triple A basketball tournament was being played in Butte, and Linda was the head cheerleader, and she wasn't there. We started driving. It started snowing. It snowed two or three feet. We got stuck in the snow and stayed there all night. As soon as it got daylight I called a wrecker from a farmhouse. When the wrecker came, I had Linda lay down and hide in the back. There was a warrant out for my arrest. The guy in the wrecker heard the all-points bulletin. When he got us out, he radioed to the police, 'I just pulled that kid out of the snow, but that girl wasn't with him.' Her mother was saying, 'Oh, my God, he killed her and stuck her in a snowbank.' The cops were out probing in the snow. I tried to get to Coeur d'Alene, but I didn't have any snow tires and couldn't get over the hills. I figured I better go home and face the music. I was stopped at a roadblock. They threw me in jail for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. My dad put up the \$500 to get me out."

Evel Knievel first became interested in jumping motorcycles when, as a boy, he saw Joey Chatwood, a famous stunt driver, jump a car. "I got a couple of doors out of my grandfather's garage and propped them up on buckets and pedaled off on my bicycle," Knievel recalls. "I kept moving the doors farther and farther apart. Finally, I missed. I broke the bicycle in half. Grandfather was afraid I was hurt. When I wasn't, he spanked me. After buying me three or four bicycles, he gave up."

Knievel put on his first motorcycle show at the Indio

(Calif.) Date Festival grounds in February 1966. At the time, he had a troupe called Evel Knievel and his Motorcycle Daredevils and had seven people working for him. Today he has two—Art Parker, formerly an Army weightlifting champion, who is his equipment foreman and drives Knievel's 60-foot trailer truck, and Boots Curtis, the advance man, who was for many years a sales manager for BSA motorcycles. Boots also drives Knievel's red Fairlane 500 XL, which pulls the motorcycle trailer and is equipped with a mobile phone. Knievel enjoys making calls while driving and is proud of his ability to remember phone numbers. "I like to tax myself like that," he says. "A man generally uses only a quarter of his brain."

At Indio, Knievel jumped over two pickups. Then he went to Hemet, Calif., where he was named out, and overextended himself at the bank. The next stop was Barstow, Calif., where the wind blew too hard to jump. But Knievel is an all-round stunt man. For example, he can ride a parasail behind a car. "It's a pretty wild ride," he says. "But it's a lot of fun if you don't come down too hard." He once tore the rear end out of his brother's car in a strong wind, and on another occasion got up to 300 feet behind a jet car. "I don't know anyone else that parasails on asphalt behind a jet," he says. Knievel also claims he can do a wheelie—riding a motorcycle on its rear wheel—for a mile. "I once did a wheelie so far the engine sucked a valve," he says. "I've also gone through more fire walls on a motorcycle than anybody. I've raced through 25 or 30 at a crack—half-inch board soaked in gas for an hour. I don't wear no asbestos or nothing. I just go right through them. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. You got to go fast enough so you don't get burned, but not so fast you get concussed."

At Barstow, Knievel tried a stunt that is not performed anymore. It involved standing on the ground while another stunt man drove a motorcycle straight at him, and then jumping so that it passed beneath him. "Everyone there knew I was going to get hit—except me," Knievel says. "The motorcycle hit me in the groin and thighs at 60 mph when I was a foot and a half off the ground. I went up in the air 15 feet, turned a couple of flips and landed on my back. I was paralyzed. They covered me up with a blanket. They thought I was dead. My ribs were all cracked and broke. I was sprained from the bottom of my feet to my waist. About a month later, after getting out of the hospital, I went back to Barstow and put the show on. They helped me on the motorcycle. I did all the wheelies and made the jump off the ramp. I was obligated to a lot of people, a lot of banks."

Last December Knievel was in Long Beach, Calif., where, as an added attraction at the indoor motorcycle races, he was going to try to set an indoor world-record jump of 10 cars.

continued

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Used to be you could tell a big car by its nameplate. But then it happened. Somebody started making smaller versions.

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There was no compromise with your pride, your comfort, or your investment.

In fact, everything stayed big except the price. The Chrysler Newport, below, is priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped. That's with power steering, power

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The morning of his performance he was on the floor of the Sports Arena, helping Art Parker set up the ramps. Knievel was wearing white bucks. "A lady came up to me the other day," he said, "and said, 'You Pat Boone?' 'No, ma'am,' I told her, 'I'm not Pat Boone.'"

Since he would have to start his run in the lobby, he paced off the distance between the takeoff ramp and the bottom of a flight of stairs, which was as far back as he could get. "It should be 125 yards," he said, "but I'm going to try it at 90. You ever see me stop? You ever see me hit a wall? I stop just like that."

He climbed to the top of the takeoff ramp to align it with the landing ramp. Then he went upstairs and stood among the seats, gazing speculatively down at the ramps and the gulf between them.

"You got to grab and go," he said. "You got to gas that motorcycle and don't let go. Speed doesn't necessarily get distance. You got to get it up right on top of the power curve, right at the peak so that the rear wheel is driving fast off that chain. It's just like a person crouching and springing up. You got to get up on the foot pegs on the balls of your feet, hang on and guide it through the air. If you see you're going to miss, just grin your teeth. The people are going to die if I miss that thing."

He went downstairs, climbed the takeoff ramp once more and pretended to do a swan dive off it. "I'm gritting my teeth already," he said from the top of the ramp. "Man, oh, man, I'll be glad when that bike gets traction. Melvin Belli, whom I've retained to negotiate with the Navajos, told me, 'Shorten up your jumps. It scares the hell out of a person.' He thinks I'm going to get killed. If I didn't increase them, I wouldn't be where I was. Sure, a guy likes to see a guy jump. But so what if he's only jumping three or four feet."

"My thing is a serious thing. There's more to doing what I do than running that motorcycle off that ramp one time and forgetting about it. When I go to sleep at night, I know I have to do it again. I'm awful nervous. I think I have a right to be. This upsets me. If I was easy-going, I wouldn't be jumping those cars. If I was easy-going, I'd be like everybody else. I'm not the dumbest person around."

"Just remember one thing," Parker said. "Don't turn that baby on and land in the third row."

"I'm jumping that son-of-a-bitch," Knievel said, "and I'll jump it as far as I want to. I don't fall too often. Haven't you heard about me? If I don't ride over my head, I miss. It's when I'm careful that I get in trouble. I don't want to be careful. I just want to go! Hey, I'm going to be a millionaire. You're looking at it. If anything happens to me, I'll still talk to you from the hospital. I'm used to going. So if you come into that room and I say, 'Which way did that truck go?' don't pay any attention to me. Sometimes I get shots and don't know what I'm saying. Just say, 'Simmer down, kid, simmer down.'"

That night, after Knievel made the jump, he said, "Well,

another day, another dollar. Damn, it was a long way across. I'm sure glad she's over." He took off his helmet. "No teeth marks in this baby today," he said. "Only some old ones."

An hour later he was in the bar of his hotel, drinking stingers straight up; he also fancies King Alphonse and grasshoppers. Knievel does not smoke or drink coffee and he drinks a quart of milk a day. "I really came bursting through that door," he said. "The tach was 7,500 rpm and the speedometer was bouncing between 60 and 70. I saw those white lines going up that ramp, and I said I got to do it. The only reason I was scared of starting on the stairs was it would have bothered the chains. But wouldn't that have been wild? To run down the stairs! Vroom. Vroom. Vroom. VROOOOOM! Oh, man, I'm going to rest for a whole month—unless Boots lines something up for next weekend. On second thought I'm tired of risking my neck. Let them call me. There are so many people who know me, I don't have to fool around with those who don't."

"I wish I could have been more relaxed and put on a better show. But the people were nice. They liked me because they knew I was sincere. The people don't come to see me die. They come to see me defy death. You know, they say you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. I'm not fooling any of them any of the time. You know why I've been a success at what I'm doing? I'm always myself. I've never shunned a little boy or an old lady."

"These people helped me to get across that jump. I hate to admit it when I'm scared, but if I wasn't scared, I wouldn't be sane. When I stop being scared of that jump, I'll quit."

"I don't know what to do after a jump," he said next, "to stay hidden or go out among the people."

As John Derek told Knievel once, "You come across with a humble kind of arrogance."

Evel Knievel is driving to Las Vegas, where he will jump the fountains and then fall off his motorcycle and roll 165 feet. He is behind the wheel of a purple Rolls-Royce that he picked up the day before. "I always wanted a purple Rolls-Royce," he says. "This little jewel. Look at this oldtime stuff. Isn't it neat? You should see all the tools under the hood—little oil cans that squirt and all that stuff. Everybody should have a purple Rolls-Royce." He says he once had a sand-and-sable Rolls, and a Negro chauffeur, and at toll booths he would tip the collectors. "They'd see me coming," he says, "and they'd all be running to get in the booth in my lane."

It is raining, and Knievel is keeping her at 50 mph. "I don't like to drive fast," he says. "And I always fasten my seat belt. I don't want to give anybody a chance to kill me before I kill myself. Never worry, never fuss when Evel drives the bus."

continued

After a while he says, "You know, an actor makes a living portraying the life of someone who has really lived. I don't want to act out the life of someone else. I'm no myth. I'm not a make-believe character. I'm really doing what I'm doing. I can't understand it when a guy looks at me and says, 'Why, you could do so much more with your life. Quit what you're doing. Do something worthwhile.' In reality, what I'm doing might make more of a contribution to man and society than, say, selling insurance. They can make themselves better salesmen, earn a lot more money, but what are they contributing to people? I'm not a stunt man. I'm not a daredevil. I'm . . . I'm an explorer.

"When I walk through the grandstand after a jump, they stand and applaud. Little boys shake hands with me, fathers shake hands with me. I've never seen anybody do any stunt that's impressed me. Listening to people, being motivated by them—that's what has impressed me. When they pour out of a grandstand 10,000 strong, some of them crying, some of them laughing."

Of a sudden, in the distance, the sky is suffused with light, he is approaching Las Vegas.

"If I keep making these jumps," he says, "I'm going to wind up dead, and I just don't want to wind up dead."

Las Vegas lies ahead, burning in the desert.
"I haven't come down this road by accident," Knievel says. "I'm here."

John Herring has finished his song, *Evel Knievel*. "It's got this big, broad, almost *Exodus*-type touch," he says. "I don't like to put him in a novelty bag when he's broken his body to do this thing."

Herring sings the first verse and chorus:

"You hear his name in every town,
Is he for real or just a clown?
You wonder how he earned his fame,
You ask yourself what is his game.
If he's a man like you and I
He has no wings—how can he fly?
He's not a bird, he's not a plane,
Is he a fool who's gone insane?
No, he's not a bird, he's not a plane,
He's not a fool and he's not insane.
He's just a man like you and I
Who has a dream so he must try.
Everybody calls him evil—
Evel, Evel Knievel."

END



Landing is the most hazardous part of Knievel's stunt. Here, in Las Vegas, he is unable to hold on to his motorcycle as it hits the ramp at 90 mph.



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A roundup of the sports information
of the week

ALA. PITTSBURGH (33-14) won twice and captured the lead in the East by half a game over MINNESOTA (33-17), which was 3-2 for the week. Legans scoring leader, Leroy Taylor, only was 1-2 for the week. The team's defense was led by Harry Lefkowitz, convinced to go in pass, but the Americans had their seven-game winning streak snapped by the 10-0 victory of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-

MOSEY—NHL MONTREAL (12-14-91) clinched a three-game sweep from last place in the East by beating the Bruins twice. Goalsie Roggie Kraminski (1-0-0) was the hero, stopping 34 of 35 shots they had been shut out in 56 games over the past two seasons—and then 5-2. The two victories (24-17-6) were the first since 1979-80, when the Canadiens played without a loss. Earlier BUENOS AIRES (12-17-6) broke a tie for first place with the Black Hawks by scoring twice in the second period, and then scoring a goal and adding a tie for second with CHICAGO (12-14-12), which lost twice before accepting the Bruins' offer to trade for the Canadiens. The Canadiens (12-16-8), it was the twins' second loss in a row after blanking the Red Wings 5-0. Jack Kauter's 10th goal, which was the first since he was traded over the Bruins, had the Rangers list their other pen, 4-1 to the Blues. Goalsie Roger Crozier of the Blues (1-0-0) was the hero, stopping 34 of 35 shots. The Bruins' first game since they returned to the pen, and the Red Wings start tonight once again. After their loss to the Maple Leafs, the Bruins (12-14-12) will be looking to get back on track by defeating the Black Hawks 4-2. Then, after trading the Blues 4-1 midway through the third period, they fought back to tie the game 2-2. The Bruins (12-14-12) will be looking to get back on track by defeating the Philadelphia Flyers (12-18-7) had only a victory and a tie in four games but still sit in last place in the Eastern Conference.

DEED DOKE KAHANA'OMOKU, 77, who became one of the most popular and prominent figures in the history of competitive swimming: of a heart attack, in Honolulu. The Duke won three Olympic gold medals in 1912 and 1920 and helped revolutionize the sport by introducing the American crawl.

HANK KAESTNER, a defenseman for the Johns Hopkins lacrosse team last season and now an Army private, won the Schmeisser Award, given annually to the outstanding college defensive player, thus becoming the first ever to earn it two years in succession.

BILL SHEPHERD, a 5' 10" sharpshooting guard on the Carmel (Ind.) High School basketball team, scored 70 points—46 of them in the second half—in a 117-69 victory over Brownsburg and after 14 games this season was averaging 33.3 points per game.

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (15-0) 2. COLUMBIA (11-3) 3. VILLANOVA (10-5)

Critical New Yorkers—18,106 of them—came to be convinced, but for Holy Cross Coach Jack Donohue it was like old times. There he was, sitting on the bench in Madison Square Garden, and out on the court Lew Alcindor—not noticeably bothered by his celebrated eye injury—was jamming the ball into the basket, grabbing rebounds, blocking shots and intimidating shooters. Unfortunately, Alcindor was doing all that for UCLA and mauling his old high school coach's team. Despite a valiant effort by 6'4" Pivotman Keith Hochstein, who scored 22 points, and 6'7" Ed Studdt, who played Alcindor on defense and got 19, Lew and his quick Bruin teammates were just too good for the Crusaders. Alcindor finished with 33 points and 22 rebounds, and UCLA won 90-67.

The next night, before 18,999, Boston College gave UCLA a little trouble before losing 84-77. Coach Bob Cousy had admitted there was just no way to defense Alcindor. "I plan to simply ignore him," he said. He put 6'7" Terry Driscoll on Alcindor, and Lew scored 10 of UCLA's first 14 points. But Steve Adelman threw in his first five shots, and BC was only one point behind after 10½ minutes. By half time, however, Alcindor had 22 points and UCLA was ahead 46-36. Cousy switched to a sagging defense, with his forwards dropping off to help Driscoll, and Alcindor got only six more points. But Mike Warren (he had 25) and Lynn Shackelford bombed the Eagles from outside and the Bruins had a 17-point lead with 9:30 to go. Then BC began mauling Alcindor hard underneath and, with Playmaker Billy Evans directing the show, the Eagles rallied. Led by Adelman, who scored 26 points, they cut UCLA's lead to five points with 1:30 to play. Alcindor and Warren fouled out in the last minute, but the Bruins hung on to win. "A few more minutes," reflected Cousy, "and we might have been able to catch them."

There was no stopping unbeaten St. Bonaventure. Detroit tried to do it with a 3-2 zone, and Bob Lanier (28 points) and Bill Butler (29) shot it full of holes to give the Bonnies a 103-74 victory. St. Francis of Loretto, Pa., which had been averaging 94.8 points a game, went for a slowdown and got drubbed 74-58.

Whenever Villanova Coach Jack Kraft talks basketball, he talks defense. No won-

der—his shifting zones and combinations have now won him nine straight games. St. John's was the latest to get caught, 62-57. "That defense!" said Coach Lou Carmichael. "It's like you're playing 15 men."

The other members of Philadelphia's Big Five were busy beating each other. St. Joseph's surprised Temple 67-62, while Penn, in a slowdown, upset La Salle 57-45. But Penn's tactics failed to work against Princeton. The Tigers won 61-46. La Salle recovered to beat Duquesne 80-79 in overtime.

Army, another streaking team, had seven in a row after beating Manhattan 75-69 and Penn State 73-55 as Bill Schatzky scored 64 points. Fordham also won twice, over Rutgers 67-50 and Georgetown 84-67. Niagara's Calvin Murphy had a middling week. He scored only 28 as Fairfield beat his team 89-85 but got 42 in a 95-91 win over Providence.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (12-1) 2. TENNESSEE (12-2) 3. VANDERBILT (13-3)

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp had an idea he could beat Tennessee at Knoxville with a new defense—a 2-1 zone with two chasers—and he even took his players over to near-by Oak Ridge to work on it in secret. It took the Vols about 20 minutes to wreck it, while they harassed the Wildcats with their own aggressive 1-3-1 zone. Bobby Croft, a 6'10" sophomore, scored 20 points, Bill Justus 18 and Tennessee won 87-59. It was Kentucky's worst defeat in 18 years. "I thought I had something that would work," said Rupp sheepishly.

But there was a better day ahead for The Baron. Pete Maravich, LSU's *Wonderkid*, rattled Kentucky with 52 points (the took 51 shots, made 19), but the Tigers rarely got the ball after one of his misses. Kentucky's five-man offense was better than Maravich's one-man show, too. Sophomore Mike Casey piled up 31 points, Thad Jarrett 24 and the Wildcats won 121-95 for Rupp's 771st victory, tying former Kansas Coach Phog Allen's record. "Bless his bones," said Allen when he heard about it. "I'm glad Adolph made it."

LSU's loss put Tennessee, a 66-65 winner over Mississippi, in the SEC lead all alone. Vanderbilt, still in the race, beat Mississippi State 90-69. The big talk in the South, though, was about Florida's 6'11" Neal Walk. He had 33 points and 25 rebounds as the Gators, now 11-6, wallowed Georgia

90-63, and 36 points and 31 rebounds in an 88-75 victory over Alabama.

Exams over, North Carolina was ready for the stretch run in the ACC. The Tar Heels warmed up by beating Georgia Tech 82-54, while second-place Duke took North Carolina State 82-76. West Virginia, the Southern Conference leader, defeated Penn State 77-63 and East Carolina 77-60, but the Mountaineers worried about Davidson. Even without 6'9" Rodney Knowles, who was benched for disciplinary reasons, the Wildcats ran over Wake Forest 75-52. Doug Cook, a 6'6" sophomore, was moved to center, and he scored 26 points. "Knowles will have to win his job back," said Coach Lefty Driesell.

THE MIDWEST 1. DRAKE (13-2) LOYOLA (14-6) 3. MARQUETTE (13-3)

"It was a very, very physical game," said Marquette's burly 205-pound George Thompson after he and Loyola of Chicago's skinny (185 pounds) Wade Fuller went at each other like tigers in a bruising battle in Chicago Stadium. Thompson, who is called "Brute Force" by his teammates, got his points—23—but Fuller's team won the game 79-71 as Jim Tillman scored 29 points. Brigham Young had a surprise for Texas at El Paso in the second game of the doubleheader, an 81-59 trouncing.

BYU, however, got it from Loyola on Saturday night's tripleheader. The smaller and quicker Ramblers ran all night, and three clutch free throws at the end won it for Loyola 67-65. Notre Dame, behind by one point with 15 seconds to go, fouled Les Bushoom, Illinois' worst foul shooter, hoping for a chance to get the ball. But the luck of the Irish ran out. Bushoom dropped in two shots, and Illinois went on to win 68-67. In the other game Michigan State defeated Southern Illinois 68-56.

Late on the road in the Missouri Valley was as hazardous as ever. Cincinnati survived a littering jag by Memphis State spectators to win 75-68 in overtime but lost at St. Louis 70-66. Tulsa was beaten at Wichita State 86-78. Drake, playing at home, moved into first place by beating North Texas State 57-48. Louisville, still muddling around, managed to slip by independent Dayton 73-72 and visiting Bradley 77-75.

"It was about as exciting as watching paint dry," was Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor's reaction after his Bucks drubbed Georgia Tech 86-55. But Taylor had enough excitement to satisfy him when his team played Michigan. It was Bloody-Nose Line all over again in the two old Big Ten rivals battered each other. The officials whistled 69 fouls, and Ohio State finally won 95-92. Northwestern, despite 27 points by Purdue's Rick Mount, beat the Boiler-makers 82-74 to hold the Big Ten lead.

Oklahoma's prosperity in the Big Eight was short-lived. The Sooners lost to Iowa State 80-70 and Nebraska 110-90. Western Michigan, surprisingly, was back in contention in the Mid-American. The Broncos beat Miami of Ohio 91-71 and Marshall 98-92 to tie Bowling Green, a 56-54 winner over Miami, for first.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (18-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (15-2) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (11-4)

Houston's Guy Lewis, enjoying his team's newly acquired No. 1 status, warned his Cougars, "You have to be ready when any team throws the ball out." They were, against little Lamar Tech. Elvin Hayes scored 38 points, grabbed 17 rebounds and Houston clobbered the visitors 112-79.

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons was happy, too. His Chiefs beat SMU 93-82, edged Arkansas 92-90 in overtime—thanks to a technical foul on Coach Duddy Waller when his Hogs were leading by a point—and then outscored Denver 104-95. Texas at El Paso took West Texas State 79-61.

The first thing Baylor players saw when they got to TCU's Daniel-Meyer Coliseum was a poster that read **BAPTIZE RAYLOR** and showed a frog about to dunk a forlorn-looking bear under water. It was prophetic. TCU's Frogs inundated Baylor's Bears 99-86 as Mickey McCarty scored 36 points.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (15-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (16-0) 3. WYOMING (13-4)

Utah's Jack Gardner probably knew when he was well off, but it didn't do him any good. Ten of his team's 13 victories were scored in the Redskins' cozy Einar Nielsen Field House. Then they went on the road. That can be disastrous, and it was for Utah. After losing at New Mexico and Wyoming, the Redskins hit bottom in Seattle. They lost to Washington 93-76 and Seattle 79-77 on a last-second tip-in by Jan Gardner (no relation to Jack, obviously). Wyoming, however, enjoyed its sorties away from home. The Cowboys forced Colorado State 84-68 and beat Air Force 95-91 in overtime.

Weber State, the Big Sky leader, also took Colorado State, 88-73, as Justus Thigpen, Don Sparks and Nolan Archibald split 49 points. "Their zone hurt us—that was my fault," said CSU Coach Jim Williams. "They outboarded us—that was your fault," he told his players. A couple of other Big Sky teams were not quite so lucky in the Pacific Eight. Montana was beaten by Washington State 79-57 and Washington 76-65, while Idaho lost to Washington State 75-45. USC, wanting to get at UCLA, whipped Santa Barbara 83-64, and Oregon State defeated Oregon 58-46.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THREE BIG MEN

Sirs:

Elvin Hayes stated that he hoped Lew Alcindor would play because he did not want UCLA to have any excuses. Well, Alcindor and UCLA offered no excuses (*A Dandy in the Dome*, Jan. 29). But when an excuse is justified why not say it? It's no longer an excuse, but a reason.

Alcindor obviously was not in top condition for the Houston game. This is not to say that his eye hindered him, for Lew insisted it was fine. But his overall play was not that of Lew Alcindor. He wasn't getting back on defense, and his timing was off.

Still, despite all this, UCLA lost by only two points. At full strength it is easily the better of the two clubs. The Bruins were bound to lose sometime, though it probably won't happen again. Come the NCAA finals in March, Houston will find itself on the losing end for a second time. Not by two points, but more like 20.

KEN WATT

Riverside, Calif.

Sirs:

I found the UCLA-Houston basketball game one of the most exciting I have ever seen. Elvin Hayes played the superstar role to the hilt, which helped to bring his team to a much-deserved victory.

But I think, on the other hand, that John Wooden played the role of the super-coach when, before a large television audience, he most graciously accepted defeat without alibi and without bitterness, although everybody knew what he must have felt. If this is representative of UCLA and its basketball team, then I salute Coach Wooden. He is not only a great coach, but, more important, a great man. I can hardly wait for the rematch.

J. A. GUST

Hermistage, Tenn.

UNCOVER

Sirs:

It was the greatest disappointment to receive the January 15 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and see that you had joined the bandwagon of the Year of the Navel theme (*Born-Born, a Paradise on a Preenage*). What a cover! I sincerely hope that you are delighted with letters of disapproval.

My boys are age 13 and 10. They polished cars and mowed lawns to earn the price of a subscription. Needless to say, they are not interested in your plastic descriptions of Gernrich's \$28 to \$35 swimwear. Please maintain your magazine at a level suitable for sports lovers of any age.

MRS. MARTIN VOGEL

Carlyle, Ill.

Sirs:

I am writing to ask you to please refrain from having fortune-type pictures on the cover of your magazine.

We receive SI at school every week, but once in a while I notice that we miss an issue. I decided to ask the superintendent if he knew anything about it. He told me that he did not put out certain issues because of the naughty pictures on the covers.

I don't really mind them, but I'm not able to read your great magazine when this happens. Please help!

MARK RAYMOND

Garrison, Iowa

Sirs:

I always look forward to your issue containing the swimsuits for the coming season, not so much for the pictures of the beautiful girls in the skimpy swimsuits, but for the letters in your succeeding issues from irate mothers who threaten to cancel their subscriptions because they do not expect such "filth" from a magazine of your quality. Every year they threaten, and every year you come through again.

JIM HARTMAN

Harrisburg, Pa.

DODGED DEVOTION

Sirs:

I was most interested to read your article on Author Albert Payson Terhune, *Kind and Cany Canine* (Jan. 15). It thrilled me to find Terhune still thought of and written about today.

I am indebted to you for the information about Mrs. Leshman's drive to restore Terhune's former dwelling, Sunnyside, as a shrine. A wonderful undertaking, indeed. Perhaps the enthusiastic readers who once annoyed Terhune with their visits to Sunnyside will become the means of keeping his beloved home and memory alive.

AKBIE OGILVIE

Vancouver, B.C.

Sirs:

When all the other girls were reading Cherry Ames and Nancy Drew stories, I was busy reading all the Terhune books in the library. I was delighted to find Robert H. Boyle's wonderful article about Terhune and his collies in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Mr. Boyle underestimates Terhune, however, in limiting him to the '20s or '30s or "even into the '40s." I am only 27 years old now, so I did not meet up with Lad and Bruce until the '50s. And you can be certain that my children will also be devotees of the "kind and cany canines!"

BONNIE SQUIRES

Wynnewood, Pa.

BLACK AND BLUE

Sirs:

I would like to say how much I enjoyed the delightfully ridiculous article by Curry Kirkpatrick in your January 15 issue (*Harvard Learns a Bluesnote*). In addition to being grossly exaggerated, it was also beautifully confusing and chock full of suspense. It wasn't until the last 35 lines of the article that I was aware of what he was writing about (it was evident he didn't know either). After some drivel about the weathermen, the Nova Scotia climate, the historical significance of the city of Halifax, the legend of the *Bluesnote*, the *Bluesnote II* and half-moon backboards, Mr. Kirkpatrick then got down to serious business, that of hockey, national anthem and, last but not least, Newfoundlanders.

Oh, yes, there were a few lines in there about a basketball tournament, I think. Beautiful, Curry baby, just beautiful.

RICHARD L. HAYES

Halifax, N.S.

Sirs:

The next Prime Minister of Canada may well be Robert L. Stanfield, a *Bluesnote* who probably reacted to Mr. Kirkpatrick's comments as did 750,000 other Nova Scotians—with frothy mouth. He'll organize us Canucks to join forces with the Viet Cong and bomb the U.S. with all our used-up half-moon backboards (worn out by all the one-handed push shots), tired, Canadian-made basketballs and tape recordings of old Canada vs. U.S. international hockey games.

Tell Mr. Kirkpatrick that way up here we all have Japanese-made cars roads, which can pick up American rock 'n' roll stations wherever we go. An inestimable asset, that.

RODRICK MCINNIS

Halifax, N.S.

Sirs:

For a native Haligonian, it was good to see an article about Halifax and the *Bluesnote* Classic. But, to begin with, we do not get enough snow in Nova Scotia to make snowshoeing feasible. The author's sarcastic statements stem from the fact that he arrived during the first major storm of the winter. In all other Canadian cities the average yearly temperature is lower (e.g., Winnipeg 39°, Montreal 42°—and Halifax 45°).

Nova Scotia is not far away from anywhere except in relation to where you are. Anyway, with today's means of transportation, Montreal is less than two hours away by air.

I presume Mr. Kirkpatrick's reference to "peering out the windshield through a blizzard"

continued

Tiger powers Foyt to 5th USAC Championship!

For a record-smashing fifth time, A.J. Foyt has won the annual USAC Championship and the honor of carrying the number "1" on his car in 1968. He earned it on the toughest racing circuit going, the United States Auto Club Championship trail. (Where no one else has ever won more than 3 Championships.)

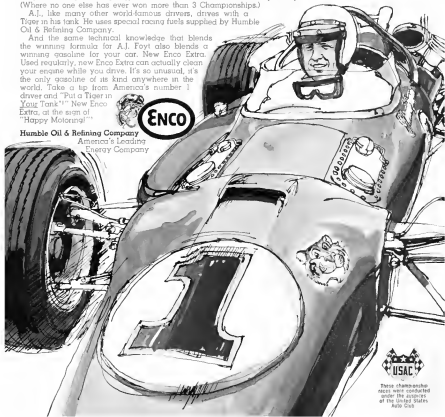
A.J., like many other world-famous drivers, drives with a Tiger in his tank. He uses special racing fuels supplied by Humble Oil & Refining Company.

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19TH HOLE

zard along a lonely highway" was a result of driving from the superhighway, the 81-centennial Drive, for a distance of 23 miles.

As to the crowd being "uninformed, confused and quiet," the reason may have been that the local teams did not fare well enough to allow the crowd to become vocally excited. Had the score of the Harvard-St. Mary's game been less one-sided, perhaps the crowd would have roared more to Mr. Kirkpatrick's liking.

I would also like to point out that never in the history of Nova Scotia have dogsleds been used as a means of transportation except by the Micmac Indians over 200 years ago.

DAVID S. ZLATIN

Halifax, N.S.

Sirs:

Your article *Old Harvard Earns a Blue-note* was not laughable. The author's description of our Nova Scotia winter weather reminded me of other ignorant visitors who arrive here with skis fastened to their cars — in July.

G. M. SMITH, M.D.

Windsor, N.S.

THE PILLAGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I read with a great deal of interest and concern your article *How to Stop the Pillage of America* (Dec. 11). Your suggestion for a Council of Ecological Advisers is admirable, but it has long been my impression that laws and regulations are not the answer to the problem of conservation of our renewable natural resources. To do the job through legislation you would have to control all movement and actions in the area of natural resources, a state of affairs which smacks of bureaucratic control and loss of freedom to the individual. After all, are not these renewable resources there for the wise use of the individual?

This brings me to the point I wish to emphasize: without public education, conservation of natural renewable resources is doomed. This education should be an accredited part of the school program, starting from the student age level of 10 years and extending right through senior high school.

B. WAATINEN

Marathon, Ont.

Sirs:

How to Stop the Pillage of America is a fine article and deserves special commendation for presenting possible solutions rather than merely describing the sad state of conservation in certain areas.

I am particularly interested in your recommendation as to "strong congressional legislation . . . needed to afford protection

to coastal estuaries and wetlands." In my opinion, this is one area that is desperately in need of stop-gap legislation. However, of the various bills on estuaries which are presently in Congress, it appears that more national concern must be expressed before Congress will enact a bill providing for the type of moratorium and permit system administered by the Secretary of the Interior that will bring a halt to the daily intrusion on the estuaries. I feel very strongly that a too-permissive approach is no longer appropriate.

As one who has viewed the often conflicting courses between industrial activities and the preservation of our wildlife, I think your article is a very responsible one and would hope that it receives the wide circulation it deserves.

CHARLES R. ROSS
Commissioner
Federal Power Commission

Washington

Sirs:

Your article *How to Stop the Pillage of America* has raised the stature of your publication tenfold in my estimation. As a sportsman who has personally witnessed the unprecedented decline of fisheries on Long Island referred to in your article, I can attest to the acuteness of the problem. I can also attest to the ignorance and apathy which form the taproot of this dilemma. It is only through conscientious journalism, as displayed in your article, that this root can be severed. Again, my compliments.

THOMAS J. McGRATH

Syracuse, N.Y.

REBUTTAL

Sirs:

Like the "unknown soldier" whose self-praising letter was printed in your December 25 issue, I too am serving in Vietnam. I won't attempt to dispute his support of the proposed Negro boycott of the Olympic games. It is tragically self-defeating in itself.

What I will dispute is his contention that Negro GIs are discriminated against and "get the worst and most dangerous jobs here." This is pure nonsense, as any man here, black or white, will testify. My battalion was under attack for two weeks in early December near the Cambodian border, and during that whole time Negro and white GIs worked and dug in—and died, sadly—together and equally.

It is tragic that it takes combat to show what true equality can be, but the courage and professionalism of Negro and white soldiers in Vietnam will never be marred by racists of either color—especially those afraid to name themselves.

PFC. JACK FADLEY
APO San Francisco

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